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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 868. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

SHOULD A PRIEST TELL?

by The REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN

From January 1st, 1923, the price of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Save your Wrappers

TOILET AND NURSERY has been reduced to per 6D. tablet

Save your Wrappers

and Bath size 10d. per tablet.

In this connection the Proprietors have pleasure in announcing a

PRIZE COMPETITION

The prizes will be awarded to those who send the greatest number of wrappers not later than April 30th, 1923, under the following conditions:

£500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize	£100	3rd Prize	£25	15 Prizes of	£5
2nd Prize	£50	20 Prizes of	£10	25 Prizes of	£2

CONDITIONS:

1. Only printed wrappers which cover the outside of each tablet of Soap will be considered.
2. Each envelope must bear the name and address of the sender and the total number sent must be clearly written. ...st be carefully folded, either by Registered Post or otherwise delivered in a sealed packet to address as under ...ize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Mirror," "Daily ...ises will be divided. The decision of the Managing Director of Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd. ...ition will be entered into.

...dress—Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London.

...day ...ceiving wrappers, April 30th, 1923.

JOHN BULL

Free Home Insurance

365 Risk Days in 1923

Have You Signed Yet?

IF you have not yet safeguarded your home against fire or accident, why not make yourself a New Year's present of the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World?

Now that certain daily newspapers are beginning to "revise" their policies, the JOHN BULL Insurance stands out in sharp relief as the best free home insurance in the world. We have nothing to revise, nothing to alter, no criticisms to silence. Our policy for 1923 will be the same as now, namely, to handle all claims ourselves promptly and sympathetically. We shall not fall into the error of handing our claims over to an Insurance Company to debate upon, the cause of so much of the dissatisfaction expressed against free insurance.

And in spite of the fact that a JOHN BULL policy stands head and shoulders above any other free policy, the fact remains that JOHN BULL costs not sixpence per week (as in the case of a daily paper) but only twopence.

There are 365 risk days in 1923—make them *safe* days by signing the coupon below now.

YOU NEVER KNOW

when your home may be the scene of a devastating fire. An accident—an act of forgetfulness—a red-hot cinder, and your home with all your precious belongings may be ablaze. The JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance covers you against material damage up to £300.

LIKE A THIEF

in the night comes fire—when you least suspect it. In spite of all your precautions there may come a day when flames lick up the home you cherish and endanger the lives of your dear ones. The JOHN BULL Free Policy insures you against [illegible] or death up to £300.

AFTER A FIRE

then the troublesome time of re-instatement. JOHN BULL realises that this is sometimes the most worrying time of all, and makes a grant of £3 per week rent (not exceeding 26 weeks) to tide you over your difficulties—a very real benefit at a time when other expenses are heavy.

A STORM—

a blinding flash—it may be your house. Are you insured against [illegible] damage? Damage to your home by lightning is [illegible]

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each or loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees under similar circumstances.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£7 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Emergency Benefit.

Smallpox—£2 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox.

CUT HERE

J.B. 6.1.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6.1.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

Something left to trip over in the dark—there is an ever present danger of accidents in the home. Accidents come when least expected. The JOHN BULL Insurance covers you against ALL HOME ACCIDENTS up to £250 for loss of life.

THE CREAK ON THE STAIR

—the sudden awakening—the fearful grapple with the burglar . . . . every day you read of some tragedy like this. To-morrow may be too late. The JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance insures your wife and yourself up to £1,000.

NO HOUSE IS SAFE

from accidents arising from the explosion of boilers and the bursting of hot-water pipes, etc. It is a very unwelcome extra expense to pay yourself, but it need not cause you anxiety if you are insured under the JOHN BULL Scheme. JOHN BULL compensates you for damage up to £100.

THOSE WHO ARE REGISTERED

under the great JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance enjoy the peace of mind which freedom from [illegible] without to read to [illegible]

by Small Pox Benefit above. Claim [illegible] this

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.
Address: The Advertisement Manager "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, JOHN BULL, Section 2, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Armourers, Acetylene Welders, Clerks (general and stores accounting), Hospital Orderlies, Fitters, Cooks and Butchers, Drivers (petrol, winch and stationary oil engine) Motor Cyclists, Engine Driver-Fitters, Dynamo and Switchboard Attendants, Power Station and Shift Engineers and Vulcanisers; also for semi-skilled Drivers petrol and unskilled men of good education. Ages, ex-Service 18 to 30, Civilians 18 to 26. Pay starts 3/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Dene House, Ellison Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

EMIGRATION.

FARM LABOURERS, experienced, WANTED FOR ONTARIO, Canada; to sail next spring. Also farmers with small capital. Situations guaranteed. — Particulars free from Ontario Government Office, 163, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? (PROSPECTUS H60.) —The most powerful combination of "County," Country and "Net Sale" Newspapers ever collected in one group at inclusive rates of 7/- per line, and 65/- per inch, with service. Territory, 20 counties; or—

(PROSPECTUS A).—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers (13 counties) for 7/10. London and Suburban series same price.—Write, stating which prospectus required, Rutolph & Dickson (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. 'Phone: City 842.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay for 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Journal Chambers, Pelham Street, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD Table to fit your dining table, also billiard and dining tables; beautiful designs, all sizes, 4 ft., 5 ft., 7 ft., 8 ft., and 9 ft.; cash or easy monthly payments; also full size tables; repairs executed; billiard sundries supplied.—Free lists sent on application to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

PLAYS, DIALOGUES, STUMP SPEECHES, English, Irish and Scotch Reciters, Song Books, Joke Books and Funny Stories, Jew Jokes, Home Games, Recitations and Riddles for Children, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, &c. Send for McGlennon's Wonderful Catalogue. —FELIX McGLENNON, LTD. (Desk No. 27), 9, City Garden Row, London, N.1.

WRITE for our Catalogue of Boots, Clothing, Watches, Clocks, etc., easy terms, 4/- monthly. —Master's, Ltd., 85, Hope Stores, Rye.

CHINA, Earthenware, crates from £3. Tea, Dinner and Toilet ware, great variety. Lists free.—Denbigh Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours, Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 22, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

GARDENING.

SEED, Plant, Rose and Fruit Tree Catalogue now ready. 100,000 given away; send for yours. Apple Trees, 1/- each; Roses, 6d.; Peas, 6d. pkt.; Beans, 6d. pkt.—Letts & Son, Growers, 80, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

MAKE FEAR IMPOSSIBLE.—Be sure of yourself. Master Emotional Weaknesses. Cultivate absolute self-mastery. Amazing result effected by simple practice, you can call to your aid in any emergency. Personally dictated Course of Instruction. Free to all who have the initiative to send name and address. Do not enclose stamps or fee.—D. Dumoret, Physio-psychologist (Box 122), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study. Illus. Handbook free.—Sloan-Duployan Hdqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. —Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also advanced and Engineering Courses.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 338, High Holborn, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN "New-Rapid" Shorthand; 80 words per minute in one month. Handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Ltd., 2, Holborn Hall, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties, free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

OVERWORKED NERVES.—If your Store of Energy is lowered by overstrain or illness, send for a convincing trial supply of a wonderful new remedy that acts instantaneously on jaded nerves, restores lost vitality, and strengthens the system. — Enclose 6d. stamps to the Dumoret Laboratories (Box 3), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.B.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

MOTHERHOOD'S NEW ERA.—Matrozone is a preparation which prepares the mother's constitution for the strain of Maternity, so that childbirth is robbed of its fears. Matrozone ensures safe and easy accouchement, imparting health and brightness to the child. Boots' Taylors and other chemists sell it, or will obtain it, price 12/-. In case of difficulty, send direct to Matrozone Co., North Shields, who will also send fuller particulars on receipt of stamp.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 bottle, post free, or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

NEW LIFE, Nerve Force, Energy, Vitality, Thyroid "Glandets" never fail. Great discovery. No drugs. Free trial.—Percival, 67, St. Albans.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No hump pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SATIVA Kidney and Bladder Cure.—Backache, Gravel, Inflammation. Sample and Booklet, 3d. stamps.—Wilson, Specialist, Manchester Road, Bradford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO CONSIDER WHAT A LITTLE "JOHN BULL" Want-Ad. might do for YOU? JOHN BULL'S circulation is so enormous, so intensive, that in no other way can you reach the great Buying Public so effectively and economically than by taking space in these classified columns. One regular user of JOHN BULL Want Ads. writes: *I should be sorry to manage a mail order business without it.*" Rates, 8/- per line, averaging 6 words. Minimum charge, 24/-. For further proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want-Ad., or in sending an Ad., address The Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-59, Long Acre, W.C.2.

£6:6:0
GENUINE ALL-WOOL SPORTS SUIT
made to your special measures for
£3:3:6
The "Real Thing" in Sports wear.

The famous "Jock" on the field.

"JOCK" RUTHERFORD (the famous Arsenal footballer), IN HIS BARRY SPORTS SUIT. [*Photo by Personality Photo Press.*

"I do not know how to express myself enthusiastically enough about the garments you have made for me. I am not exaggerating in saying that I have never in my life had better fitting clothes, or clothes that have made me feel more comfortable. My friends are unanimous in declaring them perfect."—(Signed) JOCK RUTHERFORD.

Every BARRY GARMENT is a 'PICTURE'

We specialise in Tailoring that is a credit to the wearer. The Barry Service ensures that you will have the most perfect fitting garments, the best quality make and finish ever produced at competitive prices.

THE BARRY GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU THOROUGHLY

So sure, so unfailing are our methods that we here and now formally undertake to refund not only the full amount of your purchase, but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail to fit you perfectly from self-measures.

OUR SELF-MEASURE CHART

is simplicity itself. You measure yourself in the privacy of your home, with the certitude that you run no risk. The responsibility of fitting you rests with us completely.

PATTERNS FREE

Send for FREE PATTERNS of the wonderful values we are offering in Tweeds, Serges, Cheviots, Vicunas, Homespuns, etc. No ordinary Tailor could submit so wide a range.

100% PURE NEW WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK, BLUE SERGE SUIT. To measure for **£3-10-0** Honestly worth £5 5 0

£3-3-0 All Wool SPORTS COAT (lined throughout) to measure for **£1-10-0** As worn by J. Dimmock.

£4-4-0 Pure NEW WOOL OVERCOAT, Warmth without weight. To measure for **£2-2-0** (Lined throughout.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO.

(J.B. Dept.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1 (Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

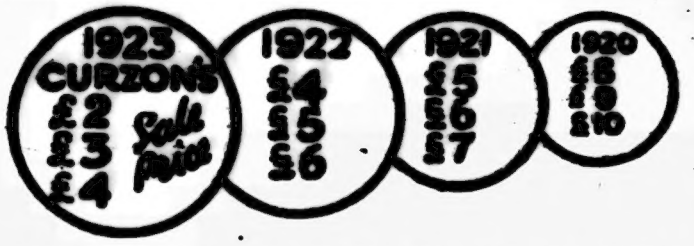
Curzon's great Suit Sale causes great excitement in London

DAILY EXPRESS

EVERYBODY ORDERING SUITS AT CURZONS

14 DAYS ONLY

All New and up-to-date Cloths. Not Old or Government Surplus Goods.



MEN outside London can have little idea of the interest created by Curzon's New Year Suit Sale.

The Ladies are catered for by the great departmental stores, but for Men there is only one outstanding offer—Curzon's Great Tailoring Sale.

The "Daily Express"—which has a sale of over a million—printed the other day a special poster (reproduced here). This shows the great interest taken.

Realising that an offer of ordinary values to readers of "JOHN BULL" in the month of January would be of little or no interest to them, our buyer was commissioned to scour the Yorkshire and Scotch markets with a view of securing any bargains that could be found so that we could again make an extraordinary New Year's offer of Suits to Measure at exceptional prices.

The Cloths have been divided in three categories as shown below, and each is guaranteed to be a real bargain. We have no hesitation in stating that such values will certainly not be purchasable in 1923 again, once these cloths are sold out.

In your own interest you should not fail to see the splendid cloths comprised in these offers.

£2

Suit to measure (Average value £3 10 0)

This range comprises—All-Wool Solid Worsted Indigo Blue Serge, Black and Blue Vicunas, Mid-Grey and Dark Grey Cheviots, Grey, Brown and Fancy Tweeds and Stripes.

£3

Suit to measure (Average value £4 15 0)

In this range are included—All-Wool Indigo Dyed Worsted Serge, Grey Cheviots, Grey Pinheads, Fancy Worsteds, Fawn, Brown, Grey and Heather Mixture and Lovat Tweeds, also Pure All-Wool Scotch Tweeds.

£4

Suit to measure (Average value £6 6 0)

This range includes—Pure Botany All-Wool Indigo Dyed Blue Serge, Fancy Tweeds and Glen Checks in Greys, Fawns and Browns, Fancy Worsteds and Cheviots, also a few Pure All-Wool West of England Tweeds.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TALL AND BIG MEN.

During this Sale we are charging no extras whatever, either for style or size, so that abnormally sized men will benefit two-fold. No matter how tall or how big you are (the bigger the better—as we are adepts at fitting Herculean figures), you will not have to pay one penny over and above the fixed prices.

FROM 10 to 14 DAYS ARE REQUIRED FOR EXECUTION OF ORDERS.

You run no risk whatever, our well-known guarantee to refund you your purchase money holding good in the event of our clothes not giving you every satisfaction.

FREE PATTERNS.

To those unable to call at any of our branches, free patterns with easy self-measure form will be sent if the Coupon at foot of this announcement is filled in and posted. By means of our self-measure form you can be measured in your own home, and a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee. A perfect fit can also be guaranteed if an old well-fitting Suit is sent to us as a guide.

For Patterns and Postal Business, write only to—

CURZON BROS., Ltd., The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept J.B.), 70 & 72, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1

Head Office Depot: 70 and 72, City Road, London, E.C.
West End: *207, Strand, W.C. 138, Strand, W.C. 112, New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 and 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 98, Southampton Row, W.C. *15, Old Compton Street, W.
City: *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 38, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 36, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 123, Fleet Street, E.C.
Bayswater: *Chesham House, Broadway.
Brixton: *58, Powis Street, and *243, Ware Street.
Forest Gate: *39, Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch: *283 and 287, Old Street, E.C.
Euston: *73, Hampstead Road.
Poplar: *262, East India Dock Road.
Wembley: *13, King's Parade, Church End.
Wimbledon: *27, Market Place.
Richmond & Twickenham: *234, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
Sutton (Surrey): *249, High Street.
Kingston (Surrey): *72-74, High Street.
Croydon: *High Street, and *243, Ware Street.
Wood Green: *Station Court Road.
Coventry: *High Street (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

USE THIS COUPON.

JOHN BULL Jan. 6.

To CURZON Bros., Ltd. (The World's Measure Tailors), 70 & 72, City Road, London, E.C. 1.

CUT HERE

Please send me, free of all charge, the patterns of suitings as above described, together with self-measure form, fashion book, etc. This entails no obligation on me, but if I do order, it is on your guarantee and conditions in your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write clearly.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 886.
Week ending Saturday,
Jan. 6, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2
Telephone: Gerrard 9266
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The Wrong Word.

Mr. Bonar Law told the Glasgow unemployed that "it will very likely be necessary to go on with the State Housing Scheme." If he had said "absolutely imperative" he would have been nearer the mark.

Summon Parliament!

He also says that "no scheme we can possibly conceive will absorb all the unemployed." Wiser to think again—and summon Parliament to help him to do it. There is enough useful public work waiting to absorb all the unemployed.

A Probable Query.

America is likely to point out to Mr. Baldwin that Britain has budgeted for an expenditure of £138,000,000 on armaments, a sum equal to the total British revenue a few years before the War to end War.

Cut the Cackle.

Uncle Sam is also suggesting a World Conference to discuss economic and trade questions. What *we* suggest is less talk and more deeds: and America has got the chance to do something really practical over the question of easing the interest burden on our debt.

The Hansard Handicap.

Sir John Simon spoke more in the debates in the first session of the new Parliament than any other of the Asquithians. However, in the Hansard Stakes it is still safe to back Commander Kenworthy for a place.

A Real Peril.

We are all in favour of the Anti-Dazzle Light Bill to be introduced into Parliament next session. Pedestrians as well as other road users are in constant danger from the miniature searchlights with which thoughtless motorists menace their fellows.

So Far So Good.

We agree with Mr. Arthur Henderson that the Honours Inquiry, whose Report has just been issued, did not probe deep enough into the scandal of titles which are bought and sold. However, as far as it goes the Report is a useful one, and the Government must act upon it without delay.

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

We Won't Pay!

After the Jews the Armenians are now demanding a "national home." Well, we've no objection so long as the British taxpayer isn't called on to foot the bill.

More Muddle.

To demolish City houses in order to build offices is a scandal when thousands of people are unable to secure dwellings of any description. Parliament must pass another Emergency Act to prevent any repetition of this.

A Terrible Record.

Since January, 1921, the number of unemployed persons relieved in their own homes has risen from 37,000 to 744,797, and the total number of unemployed is just short of 2,000,000. We're still a long way from that "land fit for heroes to live in."

What a Game!

So the cat is out of the bag at last! It is not on any moral grounds that the Government wish to retain Mesopotamia. It is just—oil. You see Great Britain has now the major interest in the Turkish Petroleum Co. Interesting, isn't it?

We're Waiting.

We await with interest the report of the Advisory Committee of the Mines Department which is to tell us why coal is dear. And we await with still greater interest the proposals the Government *ought* to bring forward for reducing the price to a reasonable figure.

What a Farce!

The Leipzig Supreme Court recently dealt with the cases of ninety-three War Criminals. Not one of them was punished. They were *all* acquitted, "after a thorough investigation which proved their innocence." We *don't* think!

Complacent Inefficiency.

That the Ministry of Health should calmly assert that it is not their business to stop the distribution of foodstuffs found to contain poison merely confirms our opinion that the Department is an unnecessary burden on the taxpayer. It should have been abolished long ago.

Hitting the Mark.

The Premier has already deeply impressed the Clyde Labour Members now known as the "Black Squad." Asked during the war what was the secret of Mr. Law's extraordinary influence as Leader of the House, the present Speaker replied "His remarkable personal modesty." And so it is.

No One Knows Why!

A man may marry his deceased wife's sister, but if his wife only happens to be divorced and not dead he may do no such thing. Which is yet another instance in which the law is a "hass."

Sad, but True.

There must be many a mother in Britain saying to herself to-day when she thinks of Bywaters, a youth maddened by the passion of a woman: "There, but for the Grace of God, goes my own son."

Ladies Last.

Ladies first is not the rule of the road to Westminster for the Labour Party, else why was so much trouble taken to have Uncle Arthur Henderson adopted in preference to the widow of the late M.P. for E. Newcastle?

What Is Their Object?

Who and what are the "Crusaders"? England wants neither Bolsheviks, Klu Klux Klan, nor Fascisti. If ever there was a time for all classes to get together and *do* something it is surely *now*. Secret societies merely breed distrust and internal disorder.

Still Wriggling.

Germany wants a commission *consisting entirely of Americans* to study and determine the just amount of reparations. There's no harm in her wanting, of course, but she's been given that information already by the Allies, and this latest attempt at evasion deceives nobody.

Poor President!

M. Poincaré is in a fix. He has made the discovery that his proposed occupation of the Ruhr would upset German currency more than ever, and make reparations still more unlikely. Why not talk the matter over with the Allies, and then *act together*.

Topsy-Turveydom.

A contemporary published an interesting comparison between the rates of pay of Army Officers and elementary teachers. It is all wrong that those who are learning to blow brains out should be paid many times more than those who are engaged in putting brains in order.

Creating Unemployment.

While Trade Unions are voicing the cause of the unemployed, the Dockers' Union, by resisting the three shift system, is congesting the South Wales ports and imposing idleness and short time on thousands at the collieries. This is no time for red tape. The man who prevents another from working is little short of a criminal.

Fatty's Threat.

Fatty Arbuckle has protested against the protests against his return to film work, and declares that if there is any more of it he will leave America and settle in England to enjoy greater freedom. Evidently "Fatty" has heard that our police are blind to the orgies of the West End.

Hard Luck!

A kindly action cost William Searl, porter at Campden Grove Mansions, London, his life. A woman resident left her keys locked up in her flat. Searl went to get them for her, but fell 60 feet into the area, when endeavouring to enter her flat by means of the fire escape. A sad end to a chivalrous action.

A Pest to Society.

A brute, Harry Bowers by name, of Nelson Terrace, Manchester, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for misbehaviour, in a recreation ground, towards three little girls and a young woman. The magistrates designated him as a pest to society, but only gave him a mild sentence. The Courts, whatever they may say, seem to make little effort to discourage this class of offence.

A Just Protest.

The Bumbles of the West Ham Workhouse must think that the hunger-marchers from Manchester have grown out of their appetite. On Christmas morning they served out for breakfast two slices of bread and a small portion of butter for each man, little thinking that the sumptuous fare would be taken round the streets for public exhibition. Parsimony of this kind was simply inviting a protest from men who were entitled to a better share of the good cheer of Christmas.

A Magnanimous Mayor.

Mr. David Miller, Mayor of Saffron Walden, is one of the right sort. He inaugurated a Christmas fund for the local unemployed to such good effect that on the morning of the 22nd all the single workless received meat and grocery tickets valued 10s., and the married, tickets worth from £1 to 26s., according to the number of children. Two hundred and seventy unemployed is a large number for a small town to look after; and the Mayor and burgesses did their Christmas duty nobly and well.

No Pity for the Helpless.

Mrs. Johnson, of Faith Street, Maidstone, is an invalid. She has to be wheeled about in a bath-chair. Unable to fulfil her domestic duties, she kept her little daughter Dorothy at home to act as "little mother." The child, on her mother's admission, was the "mainstay" of the home; but to earn this proud distinction she had to neglect school. Consequently, her helpless mother was fined 10s. for defying the Education Act. What a contemptible action on the part of the authorities!

When Theft is no Crime.

When Lemuel Wragg, of Stockport, was before the Ashton magistrates, they fined him £2, or 21 days, for stealing a chair. The poor chap works on a farm for 18s. a week. Not much upon which to keep a wife and two kiddies. Lem got behind with his rent, his landlord pressed him to pay, his family needed food. He stole the chair, sold it, and fed his wife and children. And the law says Lem is a criminal. What an ass the law is! Why did it not order that he should be found a job with a living wage?

The Explanation.

The Stockport police officers spent over thirty pounds having a good time at the ratepayers' expense in the hope of working up a case under the Licensing Acts against an hotelkeeper. Now we know why this district has such a reputation in regard to undetected crime.

Long Service and Low Wages.

It is a sad and sorry thing when a firm's employees descend to theft, but we have little sympathy for Messrs. Rylands and Son, Ltd., of Manchester, from whom William Irlam and John Ingram stole goods to the value of £24. To pay a married man a wage of £2 17s. 6d. a week after 41 years' service is simply asking for dishonesty, and Messrs. Rylands have merely got what they asked for.

Coffin on a Sledge.

Bad housing conditions are not the only standing national disgrace. For instance, many of the main roads in the country are in an abominable state. At a recent funeral, the coffin had to be taken on a *sledge* along the Anchor Main Road, Kerry, Montgomery, as ordinary wheeled vehicles could not be used. Work, not doles, for the unemployed is certainly a good motto, and there is plenty to do.

Marring the March.

The Scottish contingent of the unemployed that caused the uproar at Luton, deserve censure more than sympathy. The Chief Constable said that the conduct of the men was disgusting, and a disgrace to any organisation, though the leaders were entitled to credit for doing their best. Hooliganism is not hunger-marching, and only serves to discredit the unemployed organisation as a whole.

A Little Dog's Life.

Why were Lily Stephens, dog dealer, Yiewsley, and her son not sent to gaol for their cruelty to the poor dog they sent from Middlesex to Northwich? The dog was packed for its long journey in a box which was too small, and it suffered terribly. Its feet and mouth bled, and, moreover, the dog was emaciated and verminous. No wonder it died. The surprising sequel is that Stephens and her son were allowed to pay fines which only touched their pockets to the extent of a £10 note.

A "Crucified" Boy.

There must be a good deal of the fiend in the composition of Arthur A. Harrington, of Grasmere Crescent, Winton (Lancs.) and Florence M. Swift, the woman with whom he lived. The precious couple tied Harrington's 9-years-old son to a bedstead, with his arms outstretched, and left him in that position for nearly a week, only untying him for meals. Yet the Eccles magistrates only sentenced the inhuman devils to a month's hard labour. They should not have seen the outside of a gaol for the next twelve months.

Merciless Mother of Means.

Mary Ann Kyles, a rich Harrogate widow, is a woman who ought to be in gaol. She is a drunken wretch, with a heart petrified by the waters of Knaresborough, where she has lived. Otherwise she could not have loved drink more than her own poor little daughter, whom she so cruelly ill-treated that she was brought to the police court. The scandal is that Mrs. Kyle is now at liberty. A £10 fine was no punishment for her. There is, however, a lesson on every stone in a prison, and she ought to have been sent there to learn it.

What is the Game?

Why does the Society for Reconciling the British and German Peoples still carry on from an accommodation address? When can we expect the promised list of patrons? How many subscriptions have been remitted by sentimental folk? Somebody is playing a deep game.

A Brazen Firm.

We have several times made reference to the Star Brassfoundry Co., of 1, Newhall Hill, Birmingham, run by a couple of tricky fellows named Lee. This is merely to announce that this astute pair are still up to their old game of deluding trusting customers by sending them a trumpery toy fender when a serviceable article is expected. It is as well to keep on the lee side of the Lees.

Three Young Ruffians.

The Lord Justice Clerk, at the Glasgow High Court, took the right line in sentencing three young ruffians, who assaulted a servant girl on a lonely road, to three years' penal servitude. The lustful cowards waylaid the poor girl, their faces disguised with handkerchiefs, knocked her off her cycle, and assaulted her. Our women must be protected from men of that kidney.

Motor Madness.

At Oldham, Roland Humphries, riding a motor-cycle, dashed through a crowd boarding a tramcar, scattered them in all directions, injured a young woman so badly that she had to remain in bed for some time, and was only fined ten pounds. At this rate, judging by the deplorable apathy of many magistrates in these cases, Humphries might have maimed the girl for life at a cost, say, of twenty pounds!

Pity the Blind!

The people who contribute their mites to John Owen, "the Blind Hero of Ypres," who makes sudden appearances outside Tube Stations, are more to be pitied than the "hero." Perhaps the Income Tax authorities will try to secure a true declaration of his income, while the War Office checks his story of his War service. If the War Office fails the Prison Commissioners could help.

Morals and Housing.

Everywhere, and in every way, the terrible house shortage is continually brought to light. At Swindon, a boy was charged with stealing a tin of milk, and in giving evidence his father stated that he lived with his wife and family in one room for which he paid 18s. 8d. a week rent. Such shocking conditions must obviously undermine the moral tone of the coming generation, and the scandal should immediately be taken in hand.

Mystery Woman of Manchester.

What influence was behind the case of a well-dressed thief, who was brought before the Manchester City Magistrates recently, that her identity has not been disclosed? Curiosity has naturally been aroused because there is no suppression when some poor hard-up is tempted by his circumstances to steal and is caught. His name is broadcasted. Yet a woman of good position, who can afford to offer £50 to have her case overlooked, can steal and the world is to be no wiser. Who is this woman, and why should she not have the publicity given to other thieves?

The Steward Ramp.

We notice that A. Harvey Clements, of 83, Ranelagh Road, Victoria, London, S.W. 1, is still offering to supply information as to how to obtain appointments as ship's stewards, on payment of 3s. 6d. We can only repeat that Clements is entirely unable to influence appointments, and that the information for which he charges 3s. 6d. may be obtained gratis on application to the shipping companies.

'Tec's 1,100 Mile Trip.

A London detective made a trip to Inverness and back—a distance of 1,100 miles, to arrest Peggy Grant, a domestic servant, accused of stealing £3 worth of goods from her employer. The charge was dismissed by the Wood Green Bench *without calling on the defence*. This is the way ratepayers' money is thrown away and an innocent woman's character damaged. There is need for inquiry here.

Panel Profiteers.

When Parliament meets the crying scandal of the treatment of panel patients by many doctors must be raised. These patients were promised 9d. for 4d. under the Act. They are not getting 4d. for 9d. and they have made rich men of many doctors who were poor before the Health Insurance Act was passed. The scandalous way the patients are being exploited must be investigated. It is Parliament's job and it must be tackled.

"I Have a Song to Sing, Ho!"

Quite so. But don't sing it on the Moor at Halifax unless you wish to become acquainted with the inside of the nearest police station. For, for some reason which it is hard to imagine, the Halifax police object to harmless song on that waste space at night, and count young men as criminals who dare to indulge in harmony. The Halifax police will probably be running in the nightingale next spring.

The Bale Bounce.

A great many innocent people who are attracted by such advertisements as those inserted in the newspapers by the Paragon Stores, of 14, Girlington Road, Bradford, are under the impression that upon payment of their first instalment they will receive a wonderful bale of goods. Nothing of the kind. Not until they have discharged the total sum—which may mean months ahead—do they get anything for their money. And even then, what they do get is hardly worth the money.

Poultry Food Faker's Lot.

During the nine months he is in gaol Alfred Wilson, of Liverpool, will have it forced upon him that honesty is the best policy. Wilson is a fraud who was advertising poultry food for sale on very tempting terms and sent samples, to any dupes he found, from 2 lb. of grain he had purchased. Wilson's business was a bogus one, and the fate which has befallen him should act as a warning to any others who may be tempted to embark on a swindler's career.

A Robber of the Poor.

Ambrose Regan, restaurant keeper, of 36, Islington, Liverpool, is a man whose money-lust must have converted his heart into stone. He is nothing but a low trafficker who has been profiting by the misfortunes of others. When the Guardians gave out coupons for meals to the indigent, Regan gathered the coupons in, paying for each 2s. less than its value. Then he collected his profit from the authorities. He has had to disgorge £61 10s., and it serves him jolly well right.

Police Pensioners Again.

Tenants of municipal houses at King's Norton are uneasy at the appointment of a pensioned police sergeant as a sort of census checker. Apart from their resentment of the inquisitive nature of his duties, they feel that this work, if it must be done, could just as well be carried out by an unemployed ex-Service man who has no pension to bless himself with. We are bound to say that we agree with them.

Stigging at Ramsgate.

For several years whist drives have been permitted at Ramsgate, but at last the local Bench ornaments have awakened to the heinousness of public card-playing for prizes, and at one fell swoop have put a stop to it. And the liberty-loving residents of Ramsgate rub their eyes and wonder whether the clock has gone back and they are once more living in the Dark Ages.

Ungenerous Man.

The Finance Committee of the Douglas Town Council (I. of M.) have shown themselves in a particularly mean light in refusing the front of the Villa Marina as a site for the War Memorial on the score that it is "too valuable." We had an idea that human life was one of the most valuable things in creation, and that for those who laid it down for their fellows nothing could be too precious.

Faith and Superstition

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

NO man with a spark of idealism in him can help being religious.

Religion is a reverent recognition of the mystery and sublimity of life.

It may be more, but it is at least that.

There is a sense in which every man believes in God. The only question that admits of much discussion in relation thereto is the question of the kind of God in whom he believes.

To believe in the universal order is to believe in God. To believe in the potency of the life at the heart of it is to believe in God.

To believe in the value of truth, beauty, honour, purity and greatness of soul is to believe in God.

There is no unbelief:
For whoso plants a seed within the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief:
For whoso saith when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Superstition is the opposite of this.

It is religious susceptibility debased.

It is motived by fear instead of faith, and therefore can be very cruel.

Superstition deposes reason and enfeebles the moral nature; it invariably depresses the higher energies of man and robs him of the confidence that makes great deeds possible.

Believe in the best, never in the worst.

Believe and act on your belief; believe and venture.

Trust in the eternal good at the heart of things always justifies itself in the long run.

The Power that made us and seeks expression through us is ever working towards betterment and is only limited by our cowardice and baseness.

Faith builds: fear destroys.

Coloured "Watchers."

A scheme appears to be afoot in India to train natives for "wireless" work aboard ship. There are few jobs more responsible than that of a Marconi operator on a passenger liner; and—with all respect to our dusky brothers—it is a task for reliable white men only. A large number of "wireless" operators are out of work in England. Enough said.

Harsh and Unconscionable.

For drawing full unemployment pay although he had worked half-a-day during the week, Edward Lawrence was given a month's hard labour by the Hull Magistrates, and compelled to spend his Christmas in prison. Frauds on the Ministry are certainly too prevalent, but this sentence is out of all proportion to the offence. Still, no doubt Messrs. H. Stonehouse and Robert Smith, the Magistrates, enjoyed their Christmas with a full sense of duty done!

The Gas-Women.

A Whitstable reader recently noticed in his back garden a strange baby's push-chair in charge of two young women, and on enquiring their business, was amazed to discover that they had called to collect the money from the gas meter. Why two able-bodied young women with a baby's push-chair should be employed on work that could well be done by any disabled ex-Service men is a puzzle to us. Can the local Gas Company explain?

Pension Ministry Methods.

Appointments to the Ministry of Pensions would appear to be made in a weird and wonderful way. An official appointed to a district at a salary of £750 found his duties too much for him and asked to be relieved. Whereupon he was actually given a higher appointment supervising those doing the work he had acknowledged himself incapable of doing. No wonder there are heartburnings among the victims of recent "cuts."

"No, Teacher!"

Certain members of the Perthshire Education Authority are very properly opposed to the appointment of Mr. Percy Neill, of Collace School, to the positions of inspector of poor, collector of rates, and registrar of the Parish. They have nothing against Mr. Neill, but consider that a disabled ex-Service man might be given the job, thereby leaving Mr. Neill free to continue, unhindered, to teach the young idea of Perthshire how to shoot.

Life at a Discount.

William Beint and Sons, of Studley, Calne, were defendants in two summonses for not fencing their factory machinery. The Inspector of Factories, Bristol, said that it was the most dangerous saw-mill machinery he had ever inspected. Beint stated that, as it was portable machinery, they considered fencing unnecessary, and were merely fined one pound in each case. Human life at a knock-out price is the only possible comment!

Duncan on the "Do."

For a "Premier Football Accountant," Duncan Stewart, of 56, Broad Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., has some irritating ways. When his clients win, he—in some cases at all events—conveniently omits to post them their winnings; and when reminded of the omission, slyly shelters himself behind his "Rule 9," which says: "No queries or claims can be entertained after Wednesday following the day of matches." Such a practice is not creditable to football bookmakers.

WHITEHALL'S LOVE LIMPETS

Why They Retain Their Jobs in Whitehall

The economy cuts at Whitehall have not affected the favourite women "secretaries" of certain officials, and they still remain in "cushy" jobs by the side of their amorous admirers.

THERE are now about one thousand women secretaries and confidential clerks in Whitehall, originally taken on to replace men called up for army service, but now being kept on the establishment in spite of the fact that the men they replaced have returned to civil life and could fill the posts if required.

Why are these women favoured so? It is not that they are proficient in the work they perform, and it is well known that there are on the books of Whitehall ex-soldiers with the necessary qualifications awaiting appointments of this character.

There is no mystery about the reason among those who are in a position to know the facts. The plain truth is that some of these ladies are kept on because they have found favour in the sight of their male superiors, and in some cases at least the official protecting ladies of this type is a party to what is little better than making the State provide him with a mistress.

It is notorious in the service that many of these surplus ladies filling the places of men are under the protection of some powerful official, and it is common knowledge that the ladies maintain their positions by their complacency towards their official superiors. This complacency is shown in nightly dining and wining in the West End, by week-ends on the South Coast when the "run down" official seeks relaxation in the society of his favourite feminine assistant.

There have been cases where leave granted to an overworked "head" has been extended from the same time to his indispensable favourite woman secretary or confidential clerk. This may have been a coincidence, but it is hard to accept that theory when one finds that the doctor who ordered the "head" a rest on the South Coast had prescribed the same treatment for the "run down" secretary.

Even more suspicious is the discovery that the "run down" patients have both run down to Brighton or Eastbourne and have been staying at the same hotel.

The wife of one of the "heads" concerned was sufficiently sceptical of the coincidence suggestion to make a hurried trip to Eastbourne, and the discovery of the confidential typist of her husband at the same hotel not only confirmed her suspicions, but led to a scene which was followed by the expulsion of the parties from the building.

The amorous activities of these favoured ladies of Whitehall are not limited to such escapades as this. There are well-authenticated stories of pleasant little tea parties behind locked doors, and of great men detected by indiscreet subordinates in the act of kissing and cuddling their lady assistants at the moment when there was supposed to be a rush of urgent work.

One of the most glaring cases of this favouritism is connected with a certain high official of the Inland Revenue. He had protested when Compulsory Military Service was introduced that the work of his confidential secretary could not be performed by any woman, however clever she might be, but in spite of his protests he was overruled and a lady was introduced.

She was certainly not very competent, but she had beauty and grace and charm, and she found favour in the sight of her chief so much that he now tells those who want to send her away and replace her by a former employee, who had a distinguished military record, that no man is capable of doing the work so well.

The wife of this official is contemplating divorce proceedings, citing the perfect secretary as co-respondent.

The amours of Whitehall are responsible for a good deal of the overtime that is still found necessary in Government offices, because it is easier under overtime conditions to find opportunities for "spooning" than under normal conditions. The prevalence of overtime with this object in view has become a standing joke in some departments, and occasionally it leads to piquant incidents such as that of the staid chief who recently found himself locked in the building all night with his confidential and pretty girl clerk.

It was all a mistake, of course, and the offending commissionaire was severely rebuked, but there are scoffers in the department who smile significantly when the incident is mentioned.

THE DOPE GANG'S REVENGE

Further Revelations of Secret Society

The members of the mysterious Chinese Secret Society Chung Yee Tong are so upset by our revelations of its activities that they are lying low and vowing vengeance upon their betrayers.

OUR recent exposure of the powerful Chinese secret society, Chung Yee Tong, was an intense shock to certain officials who, in their crass ignorance, considered that they held the situation in "Chinatown" well in hand.

Moreover, our revelations created such a sensation in Limehouse, and in Chinese quarters all over the country, that members of the Tong have solemnly sworn vengeance on this journal for so widely revealing their sinister activities.

The society is so influential and wealthy, and carries on its deadly work with such secrecy and cunning, that its ringleaders have always considered themselves absolutely immune from arrest. But publicity has staggered them.

Orders have been issued for the temporary suspension of all work of the Tong, and members have been warned to lie low pending further instructions.

The more we study the astounding activities of the society, the more we are amazed at the futility on the part of the police to bring the ringleaders to justice. In this connection we give the authorities a further tip:

A few days ago, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor of London had before him a Chinaman who was charged with a certain offence which need not be detailed here. *Standing at the back of the Court were at least twenty members of the Chung Yee Tong!*

These depraved wretches, whose faces spoke of drug orgies and debauchery, stood insolently in one of the greatest police courts in London unrecognised by the authorities! Their very sinister motive for being present in such numbers we may shortly reveal.

Meantime, we demand that adequate action shall be taken by the police to check the soul-destroying drug traffic in this country. In pressing for a complete round-up of the ringleaders of the Chung Yee Tong, and their many undesirable yellow associates, it must not be assumed that we are agitating for the general deportation of all Chinamen from the United Kingdom. That is far from our thoughts.

There are good and bad in every flock, and we are well aware of the fact that many Chinamen in this country have for years done their best to rid "Chinatown" of the devilish Chinks who scheme to turn parts of Great Britain into plague spots of unspeakable horror.

One of these men, Ah Woo, is at present in prison, convicted of a crime of which he is absolutely innocent. This man, known to be a clean-living law-abiding citizen, was Assistant Treasurer of the Society of Chinese Freemasons. It was his duty to cleanse Chinese quarters throughout the country of all his fellow countrymen who were unfit to remain here, and in properly carrying out his work, he incurred the vengeance of the Chung Yee Tong.

For months he was threatened with death if he dared to continue his work of reformation, but he carried on in spite of the fate decreed by the Chung Yee Tong.

A few weeks ago he was arrested, and sentenced to three months' hard labour, with the infliction of a fine of £100, *and deportation!*

This man was innocent. But the blow of vengeance had been struck at a time when all minds were concentrated on the shocking Cardiff laundry tragedy. The revolting details of this ghastly case were likely to weigh against him.

The charge against Ah Woo was one of keeping an opium den at 50, Pennyfields. He denied it; his own landlord gave evidence to the effect that Ah Woo only rented rooms at the top of the house and a kitchen in the basement, and that the room in which the so-called evidence of guilt was found *was nothing to do with him at all!*

On appeal to the London Sessions, his sentence of hard labour was reduced to imprisonment and the fine washed out. But the recommendation for deportation remains.

If Ah Woo is forced from this country, the Chung Yee Tong will have lost one of the few men they feared, and the Government will have done a grave injustice to a Chinaman who really loathed the very thought of Chinese dens, and who has done his utmost to purge "Chinatown" of its undesirable characters. And in signing Ah Woo's deportation warrant the Government will have finally effected the Tong's vengeance!

CHRISTIANITY AND CRIME

A Religious Harbour for Evil-Doers

THE state of affairs at the Y.M.C.A. Hut in the Waterloo Road is fast becoming a public disgrace.

It is no exaggeration to say that this Y.M.C.A. shelter, night after night, is infested with the scum of the earth. Nominally a teetotal institution, it is a haunt of drunkards of the most shameless sort, who madden their already besotted brains with methylated spirits within its very walls. Established for the benefit of the honest, it yet finds it necessary to post up in its various rooms large notices warning its frequenters to "Beware of Thieves."

Unsuspicious men are set upon in the lavatories and robbed with impunity.

Within its precincts, where peace and quiet are intended to prevail, desperate fights take place between savage combatants stripped to the waist; and the ears of the self-sacrificing and charitable women—many of them of good social position and great refinement who unselfishly minister to the needs of the motley crew, are assailed by the vilest of foul language.

We must give Sir Arthur Yapp credit for being ignorant of the disgraceful transactions which are making the Waterloo Road Hut notorious in a notorious neighbourhood. Otherwise we are quite certain he would at once adopt measures to cleanse his Association of so foul a stain.

It is not long since a poor little Spanish Legion boy, already having suffered enough in the ungrateful service of Spain, was robbed of his last coppers while asleep in the hut. And but a few nights ago there was a disgraceful scene outside, when a maddened woman stood pointing to a drunken man entering the Shelter, shrieking, "He's my husband! Been drinking all night, but can't look after me and the kids. That's the sort the Y.M.C.A. shields."

This horrible blot on the Y.M.C.A. and London must be wiped out.

Empire Exhibition Muddle

Call for the Removal of those Responsible

UNLESS the scope of the Committee inquiring into the affairs of the British Empire Exhibition is widened the proceedings will be a farce. The very officials of the Overseas Trade Department who appointed Mr. Ulick F. Wintour as manager of this gigantic concern, are conducting the inquiry. They are to sit in judgment upon themselves. They must at once investigate and answer fully the complaints we make here.

FOLLOWING upon our sensational exposure a short time ago of the hopeless muddle existing in the affairs of the British Empire Exhibition, an official inquiry has been instituted and is proceeding.

Such an inquiry was inevitable, for though we were the first to place the facts before the public and to point out the need for drastic action, several other papers followed our lead and joined in the call for an investigation.

An announcement has now been made that "unless notice is given by January 1st, it will be taken that there are no complaints additional to those already made."

We have no intention of ignoring this invitation, and we hereby formulate our complaints and renew our criticism.

Our Complaints are:—

(1) The names of Royalty have been exploited.

(2) The Dominions and Colonies supporting have been misled and are not being treated frankly and fairly.

(3) The adoption of the Wembley site was wrong, inconvenient and unduly extravagant.

(4) The organisation and administration, have been and are wasteful; The experience and knowledge of the General Manager, Mr. Ulick F. Wintour, and his Assistant, Mr. Belcher, in Exhibition business, are inadequate; their methods, and policies irritating, and productive of differences, loss of confidence and loss of opportunities.

(5) The Scheme has, on account of inexperience, incompetence and extravagance, become financially unsound.

It was on the assumption that the exhibition would be a financial success that guarantees to the extent of over £1,250,000 were secured and the Prince induced to make his appeal for support.

The scheme was never financially sound, and much less is it so now. Already the expenditure exceeds a million pounds, and at the present rate will reach two millions. The overdraft at the Bankers is considerable.

We unhesitatingly declare that the Revenue expected is based on excessive charges for admission. Past exhibition experience would not put the gross revenue at more than one million—at the maximum, even with fine weather and efficient management; the excessive expenditure arises from extravagant salaries, incompetence, inexperience and non-competitive prices.

The Exhibition accounts and the methods adopted in placing orders, contracts and concessions should be carefully sifted to find out the cause of the trouble and controvesy that have resulted. Dealings with unnecessary middlemen have not been avoided.

Mr. Wintour is principally responsible, and he and Mr. Belcher should be superseded.

Mr. Wintour says he cannot be removed for any cause. Is that true? If so, no efficiency, economy or proper retrenchment can be practised nor future differences with the Dominions and Colonies avoided.

We recall the criticisms of Mr. Wintour and his abilities that took place in Parliament. He has admitted his inexperience and dislike to treating with exhibition showmen (the only proper persons) on amusements, from which so much revenue is expected.

The showmen are no fools and require experts to handle them. Mr. Wintour is an admitted novice.

To whom will the land revert after the Exhibition? Who received the £500 per acre paid for the site, which is too difficult to get to, and was it formerly owned by the Metropolitan Railway?

Who is, the town-planning builder and contractor in the district? Has he or the railway companies given anything to the Exhibition and its Imperial ideals, etc., in return for increased land values, high traffic returns and other great increments to accrue to them from the enterprise?

The misleading of the Dominions and Colonies on certain points is particularly reprehensible. They are not assured that no profit will be made out of the supplies to their sections of water, gas or electricity, or that each will have full rights and privileges. Their rights on the sites and in management are left too vague, and conflict and discontent are bred by the terms of agreement.

The salaries paid and staffs maintained are high and excessive, and should be made public and revised.

These are our complaints, and it now remains for the Government to act. They will at once remove the inefficients if they wish to prevent a huge public scandal and put an end to the serious dissatisfaction which has already arisen in the Dominions over the matter.

A WIDOW'S LAST HOPE

Shattered by My Lords of the Treasury

W. ALBERT CHARLES KING was a strong and healthy married man when, having been duly passed by the doctors, he was taken into the employ of the Government at Woolwich Arsenal.

On the 8th of April, 1918, he met with a very serious accident in the course of his work, resulting in the fracture of both thighs—that of the right being a compound fracture extending to and beyond the knee cap.

From this accident he never recovered. For eleven months he lay in hospital, and was discharged badly crippled and with ruined health, which prevented his earning a further penny until the day of his death.

The paltry compensation of £1 a week was paid to him so long as he lived; and on this meagre allowance he and his wife managed somehow to exist.

Last April his condition became so serious that a doctor was called in, who advised his immediate removal to hospital.

From April 26th until June 20th he lay in the Royal Northern Hospital, and was then removed to St. Mary's Infirmary, Highgate Hill, where he died on August 3rd.

The doctor who signed the death certificate had not seen the dying man until the day before his death; and, it is to be presumed, was unaware of the shocking injuries from which the patient had suffered.

King was certified as having died of Tabes Dorsalis and Pyelonephritis.

It will be no surprise to our readers to learn that the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury sheltered themselves behind this certificate and denied the penniless widow compensation for the death of her husband.

The doctor who suggested his removal to hospital in April has stated that he was suffering from old injuries to his legs, to which his illness might be due.

But my Lord Commissioners, shutting their eyes to the obvious, strained the Workmen's Compensation Act to the uttermost, and, with a callousness almost incredible, consigned the helpless widow of an honest workman to misery and want.

It is a shameful case.

We are constantly calling attention to such heartless treatment meted out by the Lords Commissioners to poor people whose sole hope of sustenance lies in the humane consideration of their claims. What motive impels such meanness? It is not clever to contrive to create misery.

THE GAME OF GRAB

Debt Collector's Grasping Methods.

FOR fifteen years or more we have kept under observation the firm of Hardy, Roberts & Co., trading under the grandiloquent title of the United Kingdom Colonial and Foreign General Accountancy Offices, at Royal Court Chambers, 70 and 72, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.—a concern run, in fact, by a person named C. Roberts.

At frequent intervals, we have unsparingly exposed the blood-sucking methods practised by this man, thereby saving many an honest tradesman, harassed by outstanding debts, from falling into his merciless clutches.

Certain small debts in Wales were placed in his hands for collection. After a long interval, he rendered an account and remitted a cheque for 1s. 1d. His statement is an amazing document. It shows that he collected small debts to the amount of £3 18s. 2d. Against this, the sum of 7s. 10d. is charged for commission, and £3 9s. 3d. costs of collection!

Conscious that so profitless a result must of necessity be unsatisfactory to his client, he had added the following footnote to his statement of account:

"Please note the small amount paid to us scarcely more than covers the cost of postage and stationery expended on your behalf."

Perhaps a more glaring instance of this man's greed is that of his transactions with a small shopkeeper in Norwich—a widow.

In this case, he was asked to collect outstanding accounts. After some time he rendered an account showing that he had collected £10 17s. 6d. From this sum he deducted £6 16s. 6d., on the usual pretext of commission and expenses, and it was only after considerable pressure from us that he was persuaded to remit to his client the paltry balance,

It is a significant fact that on the back of this man's statements appears a "P.S." printed in imitation typewriting, to the effect that "We regret the correspondence, postage, and stationery on these cases has turned out somewhat larger in proportion to the amount collected; this was caused by the smallness of the instalments paid by the debtors, each of which had to be acknowledged by post, and by the number of arrears, delay, reminding notices, etc., required between same, the debtors being very dilatory."

Evidently Roberts is fully prepared for such results as we have described, and battens on them.

A PRINCE OF EXPLOITERS

Fielder Makes an Exhibition of Himself

Some further details of the exploits of the originator of the Birmingham Exhibition fiasco, which we recently exposed.

MR. A. PARRY-FIELDER, the originator of the extravagant scheme for holding a huge "International Exhibition of the Arts, Sciences, Industries, and Commerce," at Birmingham, is considerably crestfallen as a result of our exposure of his gigantic fiasco.

He lost no time in calling upon us, and though he was unable to refute any of the statements made in our article, he certainly succeeded in making an interesting and amusing exhibition of himself.

Dressed in the height of fashion and bearing every outward appearance of a prosperous financier, he sought to impress us with an attitude of friendly concern lest we should unwittingly have been misled into making mis-statements.

By way of setting our mind at rest, he assured us at the outset that he had no intention whatever of issuing a writ against us. His magnanimity in this respect was more amusing than surprising, in view of the additional information which had come into our possession.

"I am not a rascal," he declared with affable pomposity. "I am not a rogue. I am a man doing my best. And, knowing JOHN BULL as I do, I want to ask for your help, not your censure."

We thereupon invited him to contradict any of the statements we had made, but his attempts to do so provided a very sorry exhibition.

When we asked him why, on the occasion of the famous luncheon at the Ritz Hotel, the bill for which still remains unpaid, he had cashed a cheque at the hotel which was dishonoured on presentation at the Bank, he could only bluster that payment was stopped through something having gone wrong in Birmingham, but that it had since been met.

When we put the question plainly to him that he was an undischarged bankrupt, he was compelled to confess that this was so, as he had also to admit that he was not a member of the Society of Architects.

His ability to talk in a plausible fashion about "big things" seems to be his principal asset. He certainly succeeded in impressing a large number of titled people sufficiently for them to lend their patronage to his schemes—until they obtained an inkling of the true character of the individual who had deceived them.

Side by side with his grandiloquence and opulent pretensions, however, he has frequently betrayed a complete disregard of little things such as common honesty. In the matter of the payment of railway fares, for instance, he has more than once displayed a strange forgetfulness, and has been convicted of fraudulent travelling in consequence.

In the same way, he is singularly remiss regarding his undertakings to his staff. He offered the maker of a very beautiful model of the proposed exhibition buildings an appointment as clerk of the works, at Birmingham, promising to pay him £7 a week when in London and £500 a year and expenses while in Birmingham. During November last, Fielder confirmed the appointment, and told the man to start work at once, holding himself in readiness to proceed to Birmingham early in January.

Up to the present, this man, who is in very straitened circumstances, has not received a penny of the salary due to him.

It is as well that the public should have Mr. A. Parry-Fielder presented to them in his true colours.

A PAIR OF KNAVES

Gambling Parties in a West End Flat

Here is a case in which the Police ought to at once take action—persistent tricksters fleecing gullible youths

OUR revelations of the activities of card-party crooks and chemin-de-fer sharps have stirred the police into action—of a kind.

Shortly after the publication of our general exposure of West End gambling hells, they raided a gaming house at 28A. Little St. Andrew Street, Soho, W. The proprietor, who called himself Paul Bancroft, and his assistant, one Lewis Shienowsh, were fined £100 and £50 respectively, and a score of people found on the premises were bound over not to frequent gaming houses for twelve months.

They were nearly all foreigners, among them being seven Italians, four Swiss, two Czechs, two Greeks, one Ottoman, and one Russian. They described themselves variously as tailors, cigarette merchants, hairdressers, waiters and cooks.

So far, so good. We have nothing but approval for the action of the police in rounding up undesirable aliens. But why is their attention so centred on foreigners of low degree that wasters of British nationality who move in higher circles are allowed to remain unmolested?

We suggest that they would do well to direct their activities to some of the harpies who ply their trade at addresses of more approved respectability than the garlic-scented backwaters of Soho.

They might, as an initial effort, pay a surprise visit to a flat in Brompton Road, where a young man and woman, named Edgar and Betty Bredin, have for some time conducted a questionable business in which cardplaying and gaming have frequently figured.

The flat in question was taken over by the Bredins a few months ago, and gambling parties have been held there on several occasions since.

The Bredins came from Orpington, Kent. The manner of their leaving that place was characteristic of their adventurous mode of life. Owing money to various people, which they had little ability to pay, they told a nurse whom they employed to look after their two children that she might have a day off. She returned at night to find that they had flown. Money due to her for wages is still owing.

Bredin, who was sent to prison last year for cheque frauds, is well-known to the police—and to various tradespeople and solicitors—as a man who unscrupulously obtains credit on promises which never materialise. The proprietors of certain West End hotels also know something of his little activities in this direction.

During the early part of this year he negotiated with an exceedingly shady firm of Knightsbridge bankers for an advance on money claimed by him under the provisions of a certain will. With the aid of letters written to him by the unsound firm alluded to, he obtained money and goods from many people who are still pressing for settlement in vain.

Betty Bredin was only a few months ago charged at Marlborough Street with soliciting in the West End, and, having been in custody, was bound over; while her husband, at the same time, was fined for obstructing the police.

The activities of this precious couple, who have had the audacity to turn a highly respectable address into a place of ill-repute, should be instantly regarded by the authorities. We hold their address at the disposal of the police if they care to apply to us for it.

BYWATERS' BITTER REMORSE . . . Realises At Last How He Has Been Duped

It has been repeatedly stated by Mrs. Bywaters and others that the condemned man has never spoken of Mrs. Thompson since his trial. The following facts, from an authentic source, reveal the truth.

AT last, Frederick Bywaters sees in her true light the woman with whom he has been associated in one of the most sordid crimes of passion known.

The work of disillusionment began in the dock at the Old Bailey, when the male prisoner heard the woman answer his chivalrous efforts to save her by cynically throwing him to the wolves of the Law by putting on his shoulders the responsibility for the suggestion of poison, but it took days and nights in the stillness of the condemned cell to enable him to grasp fully the lesson he has now learned.

"I see what a fool I have been, how easily I have been led away, how ready I was to let myself be duped," he remarked only a day or so ago. "I was infatuated, that is the only word that explains it. I thought that the woman was an angel from Heaven, and that she was suffering torture through her unhappy married life, but now I realise that there are other kinds of angels, and I cannot think how I can have been so blind."

The process of disillusionment of Bywaters has been aided greatly by the opportunities he had in his cell for recalling incidents of his association with the woman, and examining them in the light of what she revealed of her true self in that desperate attempt to save her life at the expense of his. These incidents make it clear even to him that he was being duped by the woman when he was under the impression that she loved him alone. He has recalled incidents hitherto unexplained, which have helped him to realise the truth about the amours of the woman as revealed in JOHN BULL. It is characteristic of the mentality of the man, however, that he has no reproaches for the woman whose influence over him proved so disastrous.

"I was the fool from the first," he has said. "It is no use blaming her. When I think of what misery my folly has brought in its train, my remorse is greater than I can bear. My heart breaks at the thought of how poor mother must have suffered, how this must have made such a difference to her."

In the last day or two Bywaters has become very quiet and subdued in manner. As can be gathered from the utterances quoted above, his reflections have helped him to a clearer understanding of the position he occupies, and he is no longer displaying the attitude of a youngster who thinks himself the hero of a movie thrill, a pose he was disposed to adopt in the first days of the case.

At first he could only think of the woman who was his partner in the drama of passion, or of his own position as a hero of melodrama. He had scarcely a thought for his mother and sisters, but now he realises their position more clearly and shows signs of grief for the shame and disgrace he has brought on them.

Several times he has abandoned himself to wild paroxysms of grief occasioned solely by his bitter realisation of the sufferings of his mother and sisters.

Having come to realise the truth about Mrs. Thompson, Bywaters is disposed to jump to the conclusion that her faults are the faults of all her sex, and he has broken into bitter tirades against women in general. From these, however, he has been recalled to a saner view by the recollection of the loyalty of his mother and sister to him in his trouble, and of how much they have sacrificed for him.

POLICE as MINISTERS of HEALTH

Curbing Shop Assistants' Pleasures

by ARNOLD BENNETT

LLANDUDNO is a renowned seaside resort; even at Christmas it is much resorted to. It has many fine shops, served by large numbers of shop-assistants. Many of these shop-assistants dance. They dance at a place called "Arcadia."

The licensees of Arcadia applied to the Justices for an extension of hours, for dancing only (not drinking), until midnight on Wednesdays and Saturdays in every week.

Now at the same Sessions the police had concurred in various extensions for Christmas and the New Year (even unto one o'clock in the morning), on the ground that the town would be full of visitors in search of enjoyment.

BUT the police opposed the regular extension of Arcadia's hours on two nights a week. And the police supported its opposition by a reason probably unique in the queer annals of modern licensing.

The police said that Arcadia was chiefly frequented by "shop-assistants and others," and that if shop-assistants danced till midnight on Wednesdays they could not be fresh for their work on Thursday mornings. (Judiciously, the police said nothing about the effect of Saturday nights on Sunday mornings.)

The Justices agreed with the view of the police, and refused the extension. So that now, if you go into a Llandudno shop on a Thursday morning, and are struck by the fine freshness of the assistants who assist you to spend your money, you must thank the police and Justices for their kindly interest in your welfare—for their lofty determination that you shall be thoroughly well served.

Of course it would be still better for customers if shop-assistants were absolutely forbidden to dance at all, if they were put to bed by policemen and policewomen at 9 p.m. sharp, and roused by the same agency at 6 a.m. sharp, for prayer and physical exercises.

THOSE who go to Llandudno in search of enjoyment would then know that Llandudno is a pleasurecity—except for shop-assistants; and shop-assistants would know that if they want enjoyment they must emigrate; and everything would be for the best in the best of all possible Llandudnos . . . Until one day some shop-assistants would make the old but ever-new discovery that there is one licence for the rich and another for the poor, and that shop-assistants would be accused of "fomenting class prejudice."

But before all this happens I hope that the Justices and the police will make the discovery that they, the Justices and the police, have been fatuous, and will determine to repent of their mischievous absurdity at the next licensing Sessions.

ASK A POLICEMAN!

["How many legs and wings has a fly?" and "What countries converge on the Black Sea?" were among questions put to Essex policemen seeking promotion.]

Do you want to know the colour of an auk's egg,
Or the purpose of the spikes on holly trees,
How many pads there are upon a camel's leg,
Or how they blast the holes in Gruyere cheese?
Ask a policeman!

Would you like to know the candle-power of Venus,
Or the temperature of the sea around Cape Horn,
The exact amount of wine drunk by Silenus,
Or the country in which Ethelred was born?
Ask a policeman!

If you're seeking any sort of information
Except just what a Bobby ought to know,
If he has passed in his examination,
He's certain to have looked it up
—and so
Ask a policeman! C. H. T.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A BISHOP who is popular outside his church and diocese is a rarity. As a class, bishops have never appealed very strongly to the man in the street. This isn't merely because their official garments are slightly reminiscent of comic opera; it is chiefly because they don't attempt to keep in touch with modern thought and seldom mix with the poorer classes. Thus they always give the impression of being behind the times and destitute of human feeling. They never mount a beer-barrel in the open and risk an hour's heckling. And they never squarely face and grapple with the really human problems that daily confront the majority of their less fortunate brethren.

AS far as I know, the solitary exception to all this is Arthur Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London. He is just as familiar with the beer-barrel as the pulpit (no reference is intended to his taste for liquid refreshments), and he is more at home in Limehouse than in Mayfair.

BUT in his early days no one who knew him could have dreamed that such a future was in store for him. He was one of a fairly large family of brothers, whose father was the Rector of Stamford, in Worcestershire. He started life as a pale-faced curate, slightly effeminate by nature, who was a great success with the fair sex and vastly preferred their society to that of his male brethren. He was especially popular in the county ball-rooms, where he pirouetted with great distinction and aplomb. But beneath that gentle and decorous exterior there was a smouldering something, which flamed out in the after-years and surprised everyone who had met him during the giddy waltzing period.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

HIS real chance came while he was head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, and later when he was rector of that parish. Here he let himself go with a will. He debated at street-corners with anarchists and atheists, went anywhere at any time, and played tennis, whenever he could snatch an hour, to keep fit. The knocks he gave and got during those rough-and-tumble years helped to stiffen his resolution, and he learnt the Salvation Army's trick of carrying the war into the enemy's camp. He was one of the very few parsons who thought the Church worth a free fight. No blasphemy or foul language could make him turn tail.

IN short, he is a very human man, who loves his fellows and enjoys a good fight. Above all, he takes a schoolboy's delight in a practical joke, and I cannot (though I ought to) omit the following somewhat uncanonical incident. One day, on his travels, he met a Roman Catholic priest. They argued together for some time, and at last the Bishop fetched a book and begged the priest to read it. The latter promised to do so, and they parted. The Bishop walked away, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands together in great glee. A friend met him and enquired the cause of his elation.

"See that priest over there?" he replied. "Well, he's just promised to read a book I've given him, and and—" (here he could hardly contain himself) "it's on the Roman Index!"

That's Arthur Ingram all over!

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Another Conference there's to be
In Paris, so 'tis said;
In fact, so far as we can see,
They're booked for years ahead.

The Old Year's gone, and Father Time
To limbo has consigned him;
But still we'll make a little rhyme
Of what he's left behind him.

The' David may indulge again
In gladiatorial capers,
He's swopped the sword now for the pen
And scribbles for the papers.

Those wanting titles have, we see,
In future got to earn them;
And those who've bought them now should be
Requested to return them.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You told the Glasgow unemployed that it would very likely be necessary to go on with the State Housing Scheme. Go on with it by all means. At the present time there are 100,000 men in the building trades out of a job, and the builders who *are* building are charging exactly what they like and making a pot of money out of it. Sane Housing schemes under sane control can absorb the best part of those 100,000 hungry men, and at the same time prevent the jerry-builder from making a fortune. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HENRY E. E. PROCTER, C.B.E.,
President, Y.M.C.A.

DEAR SIR,—Why so much talk of India at the luncheon with which your Presidency was inaugurated? I feel sure your Association does an immense amount of good, but I should have thought that before penetrating into countries which are not Christian, but have a religion of their own, the Y.M.C.A. might have grappled more firmly with the evil conditions which exist here in England. JOHN BULL.

To the Marquess CURZON, K.G.,
Lausanne.

DEAR LORD CURZON,—The way you are keeping our end up in your negotiations with the Turks is worthy of high praise. The Turk is a wily bird, but you seem to have taken his measure with consummate skill, and his boldest bluff leaves you quite cold. You have often been chaffed for your superior manners (I confess I have done it myself), but it is well for us that we have a man in charge of the Foreign Office to-day who knows the game from A to Z.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of CARNARVON,
1, Seamore Place, W.

MY LORD,—These recent finds in the tombs of the Kings at Thebes are extraordinarily thrilling, but haven't we heard just a little too much about your lordship in connection with them? So far as I can gather the discovery was made by Mr. Howard Carter while you were at home. It is true that you found the dibs which made the exploration possible, but the honours and compliments which are being showered upon you seem to me to be going to the wrong man. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH UNDERWOOD,
Oakfield Place, Acre Road, Kingston.

MADAM,—You and your son have been deservedly fined £5 for keeping a dog on a chain for twelve months. The chain was 2 ft. 6 ins. long, there was no kennel or other protection for the poor brute, and no water within its reach. It is a crying shame that people like you should be allowed to keep animals. Small wonder that the dog was ferocious! I venture to suggest that you would be a bit ferocious if you had been kept a year on a short chain. JOHN BULL.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS!

BARBER LAW: Come on, you two beavers. You've been kept waiting long enough.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—When someone suggested to you at a Worcester Farmers' meeting that you ought to take 2d. off beer you replied that if everyone in the room undertook to drink two pints where he now drinks one, you would think about it. Whereat there was "loud laughter." I do not begrudge you a little joke, but there is no joke about the present price of the national beverage, and by dismissing the matter in this airy fashion you show that you have scarcely realised the depth of what is really a profoundly important problem. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. E. F. L. WOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Education.

SIR,—Economy is all very well, but we don't want you to practise it at the expense of the children's health. You have asked local Education Committees to prepare schedules of payments to be made by parents whose children are treated by the school medical service. If such payments are to be voluntary, all well and good, but if there is any attempt to enforce payment, your action will be keenly resented. The welfare of Britain depends upon the health of the rising generation, and there must be no bureaucratic restrictions to the generous and skilful treatment of disease. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Preston.

SIR,—Apparently you don't like it because the Germans have to make certain free gifts for the use of the Armies of Occupation. What on earth is there in that for you to grumble about? You are supposed to represent a section of the working men of this country, a class of the community which has suffered more than any other owing to the cost of the war. Yet although the Germans have paid no reparations, and have thus helped to cause distress among the working-classes here, while their own live in comparative luxury, I find you sticking up for them. You make me tired! JOHN BULL.

To Deputy Fiscal W. G. YOUNG,
Sheriff Court, Glasgow.

SIR,—I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of Englishmen. Of an impudent gentleman from Birmingham who was accused of obtaining 9s. by false pretences, you remarked, "probably accused had that plausibility of tongue which was associated with his countrymen." I confess that at first glance the story of a Birmingham man who could get 9s. out of a Scot aroused my interest. But when I saw that his name was Robert Andrew Macdonald the thing explained itself. Clearly his English birth was one of those accidents which will happen even in the best regulated families, and I am afraid your sarcasm recoils on your own thick Scottish head. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HUGH REID, Managing Director,
North British Locomotive Co., Ltd, Glasgow.

SIR,—There seems to be something rather rotten in the administration of your concern. For six months the staff have been working only alternate fortnights, and when a few big orders were recently placed they naturally hoped to be put on full time. Instead, 25 per cent. of them, including a number of ex-Service men, have been "indefinitely suspended," while three temporary clerks who started during the war have been retained. One of these is a police pensioner and another has private means. I suggest that the staffing arrangements of the Queen's Park Branch should have a little of your personal attention. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE question of inter-Allied indebtedness looms large at the moment. It is not really a complex question. The first thing is to get the facts firmly fixed in our minds. When, eight years ago, Germany aimed her felon blow at civilisation, Great Britain sprang to the defence with an alacrity of which we shall never be ashamed. The cost in money alone was a staggering charge, and in the course of the struggle we borrowed from the United States of America a sum of £856,000,000. This debt must be paid; there is no question about that. As a nation, we have our faults, but we do not bilk our creditors.

Debts and Duties

But if we are to be just, we cannot afford to be too generous. We cannot afford, for instance, to overlook the fact that our European Allies are indebted to us to the tune of £1,800,000,000, or to forget that by the terms of her treaty obligations Germany owes us £1,450,000,000—no more than a small fraction of her indemnity having yet been paid. Business is business, and just debtors must be stern creditors.

These are the elementary facts of a situation which calls for prudent and resourceful handling if disaster is to be avoided. It will be for the Paris Conference to consider what pressure can be put upon Germany to compel the observance of the Allied stipulations which, as we write, have once more gone by the board.

We may hope that the better understanding between Great Britain and France now in evidence will pave the way to a more satisfactory solution of this ever-recurring problem, and that Germany may at last be made to realise that she can no longer play fast and loose with her liabilities. At a later stage, the Allies must consider among themselves how best to adjust their financial relations.

If the United States of America will accept a seat at the exchequer table, so much the better. If not, we must wipe out our debt to her, and trust to our strong right arm.

THE meaning of the Fascisti movement, now spreading beyond the confines of Italy, is not far to seek. It connotes a widespread realisation of the fundamental truth that force in the long run can be repelled only by force.

The Black Shirts

It is easy to smile at the Italian Fascisti, with their black shirts and castor-oil bottles, but one of these days our own "Reds" may have the lesson brought nearer home. Indeed, we would remind Mr. Newbold and his lively colleagues on the left wing of the Labour Party that they are playing with edged tools.

The fatal error of the Communist is to ignore the fundamental basis of democracy. It is a great pity that these noisy demagogues cannot be sent to school again. There they would be taught that by slow and painful degrees the British people learned to settle their differences in debate, and not by the ruder method of battle; to substitute the rule of the ballot for that of the bullet; to govern by counting noses, instead of by breaking heads. If we are to retrace our steps along the weary path of progress, backwards to the jungle, let us do it with our eyes open.

One thing is certain. The general mass of the nation will never be intimidated by a faction. No minority shall ever dictate terms to the whole. As soon as ever the Communist Party carry their truculence to the point of hostile action against the community, they will be hoist with their own petard. The strikers will themselves be struck.

This is the lesson of Fascismo, and it is a wholesome one for British consumption. It is easily conceivable that if ever a minority of "Reds" should attempt to hold the British people to ransom, the rank and file of the nation would be more than ready to leap to the armed defence of law and order. The result would be civil war, and it is possible that beneath skies less sunny than those of Italy the weapons employed might be rougher than cudgels and castor-oil.

It may be assumed that under representative institutions the balance of political power coincides broadly with the balance of physical force. It is better to assume this than to test it. If the extremists of the Labour Party are wise they will not provoke a conflict which can only recoil upon their foolish heads.

NEVER a week passes without its black chapter in the annals of the poor. Sometimes the Coroner speaks the last word, but occasionally it is not in his province to speak it; the remedy lies with others who may or may not be alive to their duty. In their care of the sick poor the great hospitals are not above criticism. Only lately we published a case of gross neglect at Guy's Hospital, and we are still awaiting an official explanation of what, upon the face of it, was a first-rate scandal.

Hospital Scandals

Now comes the report of a tragedy of childbirth at Paddington, owing to the fact that while an operation was performed by a surgeon from St. Mary's Hospital, chloroform was administered by a student with no previous experience in the use of anæsthetics. At the inquiry into this unfortunate woman's death the Deputy Coroner suggested that the authorities of St. Mary's Hospital might do well for the future to avoid sending such inexperienced practitioners to the bedsides of the poor.

This recommendation should have the force of a command. The place for raw students to learn their trade is not in the homes of the people, but in the wards of the hospitals, where their efforts can be effectively supervised.

Episodes of this unhappy kind have been far too common of late, and we are by no means satisfied that the hospital authorities in general are discharging their duties with an adequate sense of responsibility. Side by side with this state of affairs we have frantic appeals for funds to save these great institutions from decay. It may well be that their financial needs would be more readily met in the presence of sounder guarantees for the protection of lives entrusted to their care.

THERE is no State censorship of cinema films. If a stage play offend against good-taste—meaning, of course, the taste of the Censor of Plays—it may be banned by that august official, who incidentally is the Lord Chamberlain. The morals of the music-halls are looked after by the County Councils. But cinema entertainments are in a class apart, and must satisfy the requirements of the Film Censor, who in the flesh is no other than our genial friend Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Films and Folly

In some respects Mr. O'Connor's position is a peculiar one. To begin with, he is not a Government official at all, but an employee of the trade. A few years ago the cinema industry, fearing the appointment of a State censor, decided to have one of their own, and with sound good sense chose an eminent public man.

So warmly did the County Councils approve the choice that most of them have since contrived, through their bye-laws, to give Mr. O'Connor's decisions the force of State decrees. It is for all the world as though we had a fully fledged Government censorship of films, and now that he wears the mantle of official patronage, Mr. O'Connor seems to have lost something of his kindly humour. Unless, indeed, he was joking when he refused to pass the cinema version of "Oliver Twist" lest the criminal antics of Fagin might induce little boys to pick pockets in the streets.

In any case this sort of joke is really past laughing at. If nothing is to be shown on the film which in real life might invite the attention of the police, cinema-goers are in for a dull time: nor will matters be much improved by the further decision of the L.C.C., that for the future good little boys and girls who want to see naughty films must take their parents with them. It is the prerogative of censors to be silly, but really there are limits within which a wholesome public opinion should hold their stupidity in check.

THERE are still plenty of Shallows on the Bench. One of them is Mr. Hay Halkett, the London Magistrate, who has been talking clotted nonsense regarding drunken motorists. Fining a man five pounds for reckless driving, this ornament of the Bench observed that the degree of sobriety required of a motorist was no higher than that which might justly be expected of a pedestrian.

Bacchus at the Wheel

A more mischievous statement can hardly be imagined. The worst that can happen to an inebriated foot passenger is that he will bump into other people, or fall into the gutter. The intoxicated motorist, on the other hand, may scatter murder in his zig-zag path.

So much is plain to the meanest intelligence, and we submit with all due respect to Mr. Halkett—which in this case is not much,—that the distinction is recognised by the law. If it were not, there would be scant protection for users of the King's highway.

THE PUBLIC AND THE ILFORD CASE.

by

A. G. GARDINER

I HAVE been asked to say something on the public mentality revealed by the interest in the Ilford case. If I am expected to rebuke that manifestation I am not the person for the job. It would be idle, and it would be insincere. I wish the public were as much interested in other and more important things as they are in sensations, but the crude human curiosity in this sort of drama is too much a part of our nature for solemn reproof. I have been as much interested in the Ilford case as most people, and I am not disposed to apologise for the fact.

No criminal issue ever merited public discussion more, for none, in my memory, has been so confused in a tangle of moral, sentimental and legal considerations. It was blurred from the start by the fact that the two people were tried together. They should have been tried separately, for their parts in the drama run on entirely different planes. The one case is clear: the other speculative.

Bywaters committed a very brutal murder. Whether he set out with the purpose of committing it is irrelevant. He did commit it, and was justly sentenced.

As to the woman, there is no evidence that she helped to commit the actual murder, or was accessory to it. That she desired her husband's death is clear. But she was not sentenced to death for desiring her husband's death. She was sentenced to death for being a party to her husband's death. There was no evidence to sustain that theory. What evidence there was rebutted it.

The feeling against the woman is natural: the sympathy with Bywaters is natural. The moral culpability of the woman was certainly the greater. She was the elder and more forceful of the two, and she created the state of mind in her paramour from which murder resulted. But her legal guilt in respect of the murder itself was not established.

If she were hanged, she would be hanged not for proved participation in the capital offence, but because popular feeling would not tolerate the execution of Bywaters if she escaped the gallows. That is a new and dangerous precedent. It substitutes moral guilt for legal guilt. It is execution not on legal grounds, but on sentimental grounds, and constitutes a grave departure from criminal practice.

It is no discredit to the public to be moved by a problem of such a various and intricate character, and I am not the person to preach an indignant sermon on the subject. It is an affectation to pretend to be indifferent to these fierce dramas of the human heart. The important thing is that we should not let our emotional impulses govern our sense of what strict justice demands. In the present case there is ground for thinking that this has been done.

WHY UNCLE SAM

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTI

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

BECAUSE we owe the United States money we are getting it heads that America is stepping in front of us in the World merce. This is serious. Self-confidence is an asset too val surrender, and especially to surrender without cause or justi Britain still leads the World, as this dispassionate, logical articl We are not ashamed of our debt, for we can and will pay it— full interest. Our motto must be "Self-Reliance!"

TOO many people in Europe think that America has only to wave her wand of benevolence over Europe to balance the French budget, to release the mark from Bedlam, and to create prosperous work for our myriad unemployed. Such a notion is worthy only of what Homer calls a pithless head. It is false, foolish, and dangerous.

It is especially dangerous for us because it tends to encourage the British to look for rescue outside themselves—a disposition which should be foreign to their nature. Never should the British, however high their hopes for America, however friendly their feelings for individual Americans, think of their country in the region of world politics as playing second fiddle to the United States. They should have confidence in those title-deeds of Great Britain which long ago ratified her place at the head of the nations.

To wait for America to act is not consonant with British dignity.

YOU may remember, perhaps, an incident of America's entrance into the War. An English girl, appointed to act as an American general's chauffeuse in London, arrived one morning at that officer's hotel to find him on the kerb, sternly regarding his wrist-watch. "Young lady," said the general, "you are exactly three minutes late." "Hop in, general," replied the girl, leaning back in her seat to open the door for him; "you are three years late."

Many misjudge our cousin merely from lack of knowledge of his nature and his difficulties. They think that America is swift to see and swift to do. They think of every American either as a Roosevelt or a Rockefeller. They gape before the American's reputation as a "hustler." But what is that reputation save the biography of one who makes up by falling downstairs, tripping over the doormat, bumping into the parlour-maid, kicking the poor cat out of his way, and bolting his breakfast while he laces his boots, for the pardonable habit of over-sleeping himself?

AMERICA never has been, and never will be, a good starter. Nor is she so quick in the uptake as many people suppose. Her habit of chewing gum is an indication of a highly ruminative character. She likes to turn a proposition over and over in her mind. The drawl with which she speaks is not an affectation: it is again an indication of the manner of her thinking.

Slowly, laboriously, cautiously, suspiciously she weighs every conceivable pro against every imaginable con, and only when she is satisfied in a final examination of the balance that the pros outweigh the cons by several safe tons does she get to work: and then, lest another should outstrip her, she "hustles."

America is a country of many ideals and of many rich hopes for humanity; but politically she is not yet out of her teens.

It is not kind to make her the arbiter of the earth. Her difficulties are infinitely greater than our own. It is not a case of "She might if she would," but a case of "She would if she could but she can't."

In all the world there are only two nations with an unquestionable genius for trade—the British nation and the German nation.

PRESIDENT HARDING.

One of the furthest-seeing of our merchants has just lately said to me that the most hopeful element in the political and economic problems of mankind is the recent recognition by leading German industrialists that in the work of developing the world, Great Britain must always be first and Germany must always be second. "There would have been no war," he said, "if they had perceived this truth twelve or fifteen years ago; but now they are content to take our leavings."

The apparent prosperity of America is easily explained. There are only 31 people to the square mile on that vast and almost virgin continent: in Great Britain the figure is over 700. Where we have to create wealth from raw materials brought to us from every quarter of the globe, Americans have only to stretch out their hands to take their wealth from nature.

ALWAYS famous for improvident destruction of natural wealth, the Americans have destroyed that national wealth since the war with a recklessness which strikes many shrewd observers as suicidal. It is even said that they will soon have to import oil, and many millions of gallons of it annually. It is not improbable that we shall pay a considerable part of our debt to America in oil from the British Empire.

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UNCLE SAM CAN'T

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

BECAUSE we owe the United States money we are getting it into our heads that America is stepping in front of us in the World's Commerce. This is serious. Self-confidence is an asset too valuable to surrender, and especially to surrender without cause or justification. Britain still leads the World, as this dispassionate, logical article shows. We are not ashamed of our debt, for we can and will pay it—and with full interest. Our motto must be "Self-Reliance!"

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Anxiety on the score of employment has lately induced American statesmen to raise gigantic tariff barriers against the merchandise of Europe—poor Europe bleeding from a thousand wounds. They fear our little Sheffield, they tremble before our little Bradford. Yet we were told in 1918 that New York would take the place of London as the financial centre of the world, and that the United States would supplant these battered and bankrupt British Islands as the ocean carriers of mankind.

Where are the multitudinous ships which America was to build, like so many Ford cars, to wrest from us the glory and the profits of ocean-carriage? They are lying where they were too hastily built, many thousands of tons, and few will ever dare the storms of the Atlantic. Not in a day, nor at the beck of any board of hustlers, can genius for the sea be summoned to a nation's aid.

AS for the financial centre of the world, "More real business is done in London inside of ten minutes," a chief American industrialist has told me, "than we get through in New York during a whole day." The world's gold lies in the cellars of New York; but the flag of our merchant marine flies in every harbour of the world.

Why is there a feeling that we may expect succour from a people so hard-pressed, and so heroically struggling with adversity, as these kindly Americans? I suppose it is because we owe them money. A sense of debt is humiliating; in a proud and sensitive nature it may easily distort the facts. But a British man who loses his head over our debt to America is scarcely a British man. That debt witnesses to two things which should brace our energies for the work in hand: our chivalry, and our solvency.

PRUSSIANISM meant something almost as dreadful for America as for France. To back France was to lessen her own risk. But France was up to the eyes not only in bloody slaughter, but in overwhelming debt. Her credit had ceased to commend itself to the prudent American financiers. They said: "We will lend money to Great Britain, on sound security, at five per cent., and Great Britain, responsible to us for our dollars, can make what loans she chooses to her allies. Ours the money: hers the risk."

We were chosen because we stood firmest. We were made responsible for capital and interest because we were likeliest to repay. Let us take off our hats to America for that tribute; and then our coats, to justify her confidence in our integrity. When we pay America, we pay for France, Belgium, and Italy. Our children will not be ashamed of that debt.

WE can soon discharge this most honourable obligation if we rid our minds of the lunatic delusion that we have dropped into a second or third place among the nations. We are still easily the first. Those most capable of carrying on the British genius for world trade tell me that no rival is in sight. They speak of the future as belonging to "the three thorough nations"—Great Britain, Germany, and China. Of these three they say that the British Empire is the only one which is wholly self-sufficing and capable of illimitable development. They regard the future with confidence.

Such is the faith of our merchant captains—men who have shaped their own fortunes, risen from lowly beginnings, and who know the geography of the world and the national characteristics of its people as intimately as the commentator knows his Bible—men who would as soon look to the State for a pension or to the local Corporation for a job as think of asking America to help Great Britain out of a difficulty.

Given peace abroad and tranquillity at home, these men are confident of Great Britain's power to make good the desolations of war and enormously to increase the prosperity of the British Empire.

IF the surly communist does not recognise these gifted men as his own true captains, at least let him refrain from trying to persuade the rest of us that they are our worst enemies. Allied with them we lead the world; under the tyranny of a Bolshevist Committee we should feed ourselves, not on the crumbs that fall from the German's table, but from the crumbs left on the floor after John Chinaman has been round that table with his carpet sweeper.

A return of self-confidence to the British people will do more to alleviate the sufferings of mankind than any conference of statesmen.

THE Editor does not necessarily share the views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

BLAMING THE WOMEN.

by

MADAME TETRAZZINI.

I HAVE made a discovery, or perhaps I should say two discoveries. The first is that our men appear to be more chivalrous towards the women than ever. The second is the opposite of the first; it is that men in one important respect are actually less chivalrous than formerly.

But how can men be at once both more and less chivalrous than their fathers? I will tell you. Let me first say emphatically that not even when chivalry was cultivated as a fine art, when sea-captains and courtiers delighted to spread out their cloaks on muddy roads to save the shoes of their queens and ladies, was there so much chivalry openly shown to woman as is shown to-day by men when in the presence of their womenfolk.

But I repeat *when in the presence of their womenfolk.* When they are away, I observe, they are far less considerate; in fact their chivalry often seems to desert them entirely. I pick up a daily newspaper and read articles by well-known men writers, men who doubtless in the presence of women are the perfection of courtesy. And what do I find these chivalrous men writing in these modern days of gallantry? I find them blatantly blaming the women—their mothers, sisters and daughters—for most of the sins and sorrows which nowadays afflict mankind.

It appears that there is no end to our vices. We want everything and give nothing; we incite men to all forms of evil, not even excepting murder; we tempt and goad our menfolk until their lives are not worth the living; we are vampires, birds of prey, wicked Jezebels!

But of course it is not true. Here and there a member of my sex behaves as badly as some men have behaved from the beginning of time. But that women have deteriorated—what woman believes it?

The women of to-day possess all the virtues of their mothers and grandmothers, plus a few in which those worthies were deficient. I suppose that the *prime donne* of half a century ago would have held up their hands in pious horror at the sight of one of their number sitting in the box-office selling the tickets for her own concerts. Yet I have done it, and if the circumstances, which induced me to do that, again rose—in this instance my impresario had defaulted—I should do the same again.

I for one am very glad to see that the new woman has added a sterling independence to the other virtues possessed by our mothers and grandmothers. Because we women have become more independent, emancipated if you will, yet, believe me, we are none the less womanly and no more blameworthy.

Moreover we prefer to stand up for our own sex at all times, and, unlike some of our men critics, to be courteous to our men when we meet them, and to champion them when they are absent from us.

SHOULD A PRIEST TELL?

by THE REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN, Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

FOLLOWING his sensational sermon on behalf of Bywaters, the Rev. H. B. Chapman has been deluged with thousands of letters from all parts of the country, commenting on the remarkable statement he made, that a woman had once told him she had poisoned her husband. In this article Mr. Chapman gives full details of that incident—and others—and expresses his opinion on the duty of a clergyman in such circumstances.

IN an aside, uttered as much by accident as design, when preaching an extemporary sermon at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, in favour of a reprieve for Fredk. Bywaters, I stated that a certain lady once confessed to me that she had put poison into a cup of tea to save herself from the advances of a troublesome lover. I also said that I had called on the late Cardinal Manning to ask his advice as to my attitude towards this confession.

This aside was immediately seized upon, distorted and published under startling headlines in the sensational Press, the very same Press that so frequently accuses the clergy of pulpit dullness. Having so blazoned abroad this unintentional remark, and having neglected to publish the basic object of the sermon, the sensational Press then turn on me and soundly scold me for—of all things—sensationalism!

I find it difficult to describe my feelings in regard to this casual statement and its consequences. Perhaps my readers will appreciate my position better if I put it in parable form. I feel like a millionaire who, passing an expectant beggar, hands him by mistake a hundred pound note; whereupon the beggar, instead of showing gratitude for accidental good-fortune, first greedily pockets the note and then violently assaults his unintentional benefactor for his reckless prodigality.

* * *

During the past few days I have been asked by various editors to amplify for them the story of this confession, but I have decided that I could do so through no better medium than the new JOHN BULL. Let me say straightway that though I have been attacked for stating openly what I did, I have no regrets and nothing to withdraw, and that if this impromptu story of mine does have any influence in effecting a reprieve for Bywaters, I shall always be happy to remember that I made the effort. At the time I did so I was specially moved to plead for this young man because the judge had described the murder as a vulgar and middle-class tragedy, a description which I thought was calculated to quench any spark of sympathy in the jury.

* * *

The confession made to me came about in this way. A young man who was deeply in love with a woman of good breeding was unable to see her, and asked me if I would take her a message. I saw no reason for objecting, and when I next met this woman I told her what I had been asked to communicate. She then suddenly made the startling announcement that she had poisoned the person referred to by putting something in his tea, that he had died and that the doctor's certificate, which was considered sufficient, was that his death was due to heart disease.

* * *

That, of course, was many years ago, for it was in the early days of my ministry. Naturally I was very much upset by the revelation, and at the time scarce knew what to say to my confidant, who was, by the way, exceptionally attractive. And so it was with a feeling of great relief I recalled that I had an early luncheon appointment with the late Cardinal Manning, who, at that time, was in the habit of showing me great kindness.

Without mentioning names I asked the Cardinal's opinion upon the abstract question of whether this woman should give herself up to justice. The Cardinal's answer was to the effect that if a person was not discovered it was a sign that he or she was not ready to die. Whether I was convinced or not by his reasoning does not matter, but I communicated his reply to the lady.

The degree of this woman's penitence at that time may be gauged by the fact that she told the man whose message I had delivered that he would be her next victim if he still persevered in his unwelcome attentions. That the young man was deeply enamoured, that his position was that of a rabbit within the radius of a stoat was shown by his answer, which was that he would consider himself highly honoured to be similarly treated. Needless to say he did not get the opportunity. He took some years to recover from his infatuation, after which he married a lady who made him very happy.

* * *

That is all I feel it necessary to disclose now about the self-confessed crime; its memory and the actors have long passed out of my life. Even if this were not so, no police officer, no counsel and no judge would succeed in extracting their names from me. It is self-evident that if such futile talk about the priest being accessory after the fact, and therefore amenable to punishment were incorporated into the law of the country, the essence of the priesthood would be completely destroyed. Personally, I do not think there is living a priest who would not readily serve any sentence rather than break the seal.

Nevertheless, I can conceive a circumstance in which a priest should be ready to come forward with evidence against a self-confessed murderer. This was clearly suggested in a well-known play in which figured a Cardinal whose brother had been murdered. In the secrecy of the confessional the murderer had betrayed his secret. The play showed the Cardinal powerless to revenge his brother until, hiding behind an oleander tree, he overheard the murderer boasting to others of his deed. Then, as an ordinary citizen, the Cardinal rightly denounced him without any reference whatever to his previous confidence.

* * *

Needless to say within a long ministry I have received many confidences which would have imperilled the liberty of the penitent, if I ever construed it the duty of a priest to be a public informer. But I have yet to learn that for an English gentleman, let alone for a priest, such confidences are not absolutely and altogether sacred.

I have naturally had to do with men and women of all classes of society, some of whom have poured into my ear stories of evil deeds which, so far as the law is concerned, have gone unpunished. Not that these misguided ones have really escaped, for it is Divine law that a man shall reap what he sows. I have seen far too many men and women suffering from the results of their sins, sins of which the police and the world are ignorant, ever to doubt for an instant the existence and operation of that great law.

* * *

At a mission house where I was once on duty, another woman confessed to me that she had connived at an attempted murder for which the two men who had co-operated with her were then undergoing penal servitude. Had I opened my lips on this occasion this woman unquestionably would also have gone to prison, and the remaining part of the sentence on her co-partners in the crime would have been remitted. But I extracted from her the assurance that she would ensure this by her own admission to the authorities, which I have every reason to believe was accomplished. Moreover she, too, had not escaped unscathed, for if she had not suffered she, poor woman, would doubtless have never made that confession to me.

I have no doubt that persons who confess murder to a priest find considerable relief thereby. I can imagine no greater agony than that of a man who goes about the world conscious of having committed the capital offence and having no one to whom he dare confide. Of course he can always give himself up and suffer the penalty. Whether he should do so or not is for him to decide. Those who say yes should remember that punishment is inflicted mainly as a deterrent, and also with a view to bring home to the offender the heinousness of the crime, though I recall a prison chaplain telling me after attending thirty executions that he had only seen one instance of genuine repentance.

When the criminal has reached the stage at which he is prepared to give himself up he is actually cured within himself, and so the end of punishment is already achieved. If instead of surrendering he elects to keep silent and try to redeem his evil past I wish him God speed. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the best way of completely clearing an accusing conscience is a public admission of the crime. That requires far more courage than to confess to a priest.

* * *

Whilst I believe that a man or woman may be occasionally benefited by confessing to a priest, I am strongly of the opinion that the confessional is sadly overdone in Latin countries. It may be because the impulsive Latin temperament is so unlike that of the reserved Anglo-Saxon race.

To some people a confession means just nothing at all; they confess the same sin over and over again. Others who develop almost a mania for confessing will confess offences which they have never committed, which have perhaps only happened in their own emotional brain. Listening to such people is like working out a recurring decimal. In my opinion habitual confession is not conducive to producing a manly and self-reliant people.

I should be reluctant to believe unreservedly a person who came to me on purpose to make a full confession of his sins. My experience is that such persons are more keen to prove themselves respectable, save in trifles, than to tell the whole unvarnished truth. It is only when persons spontaneously confess to some big sin that is oppressing their mind that one is sure he has heard the complete truth. Of this nature was the confession made to me by the lady I have mentioned. Personally, I had immense sympathy with her under the stress of her temptation.

Nevertheless, I have no wish for more such confidences, though I have no doubt that there are other women living in this country who could, with truth, make a similar admission.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

The Man Who Ran Away

"THREE years ago, just at this time of the year, my husband was in London working, but promised to come home for Christmas. How delighted we were, myself and four kiddies! How we prepared! But in the midst of our joy, and only two weeks before Christmas, my husband wrote to say his health was not good, and he was going abroad, hoping it would do him good, but promised to send me enough to keep me and the kiddies. He enclosed £2.

"That was December 15, 1919. On December 19, 1919, I had a postcard from France, saying he was all right and a letter was following. That is the last I have heard from him.

"I know he intended to desert us; it was only an excuse about his health, and oh, what I have endured for three years! Last Christmas I buried a little boy eight years old. I have now two girls and a boy, such lovely children.

"And now comes my problem. Four months ago I met a man who I know would be very good to us, but what can I do, as I am neither wife nor widow? I am only 33. Must I live on a miserable pittance (I have parish pay) all my life without one ray of hope for the future, going without so that my kiddies shall have enough.

"I tried to work to provide, but I am delicate and had to give it up, and so could not prepare. Is there no way out of it? My burden gets heavier, as the children want so much I cannot give them. I have done my best to keep them healthy and happy, and would not part with one of them."

"Humanist" says:—*I have been able to send you a little to tide you over your difficulties. Your husband, you say, is out of the jurisdiction so I do not see how you could obtain even a Decree of Restitution. Another case of the hardship inflicted by our obsolete Divorce Laws!*

Cinderella in the Workhouse

"I AM 17, shall be 18 next February, and I am an invalid, having had heart disease since I was ten years old. My father died four months before I was born. For 16 years mother was a widow, but in 1920 she met a man who seemed kind and affectionate and, thinking to make things better for us, she married him. A week after the marriage he fell out of work and has been out of work ever since except for a week now and then. But he is a clever musician, and with what he gets on his instrument and the Labour money things wouldn't be so bad, but he objects to keeping me, and it causes them to quarrel.

"In 1921 he left mother and was away to London for 5 months, during which time I was in the workhouse. Five long weary months!

"Oh, Humanist, can you imagine what that means? I was only 16 and described by the doctors as a girl with a bright, cheerful, sunny disposition. I thought I should go mad. All around me were old women (ages 60-80) and all more or less mad; one had fits, and another had delusions, and so forth. I can never, never forget my experience there—I could never go there again.

"When my stepfather was arrested and tried, he was bound over and told that if he did it again he would get 3 months.

"I begged mother to get me home, but I hadn't been back long before the old argument started again.

"I would give the world if I could earn my own living, but you see, my heart is so bad that the slightest exertion brings on an attack. I was wondering if you knew of anything I could do at home. I have thought of the Auto-knitter, but mother says they want a deposit, and I haven't any money. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*If the Auto-Knitter is one of the Home-work concerns frequently exposed in* JOHN BULL *I certainly should not advise you even to consider it. If you can secure any genuine work subject to a small deposit, I will endeavour to find the money for you.*

Four Figure Meanness

"WHY is it that people can only get justice when they have money? I have just obtained an order for permanent alimony from the Court after 12 months' weary waiting, and the delay has played into my husband's hands to such an extent that, instead of receiving an amount to enable me to educate my young daughter (9 years) and to keep a roof over our heads, I am to have 3 guineas a week, whilst I know positively that his income is in four figures.

"He lives the life of a well-to-do man, belongs to eight or nine good clubs, travels everywhere first class, when not using his car, lunches and dines at West End cafés, five times out of six in evening dress, always using taxis."

"Humanist" says:—*You should apply to the Registrar (which can be done at small expense) for a fresh Order. The Court has wide discretion and might order as much as one third of your husband's income to be paid to you. But you must be prepared to prove the facts set out in your letter.*

A Lonely Girl in London

"I AM in despair—despair that is the outcome of a lonely heart.

"My parents are, and always have been poor. At the age of 14 I was set to work in a factory for 3s. 6d. per week. At nights, the two younger children (aged 6 and 3 years respectively) had to be taken care of in order to give a harassed and overworked mother a rest.

"That fact, that I was unable to give up much money at home, caused me to change my job several times in order to better myself, and eventually I was able to pay for a course of instruction at an evening school and so obtain my present post, which is a good one.

"I am now 26 years old, and I find that I am in a fair way to miss the good things of life that most girls seem to find at my age. I have no companions of either sex, and I have a natural longing for a man companion.

"Some girls, I believe, have been fortunate in making the acquaintance of an honourable man quite casually, but my experience of that sort of thing has well-nigh sickened me, and I wonder in what way I am different from other girls, since I only seem to attract men who—well, just men who are not really men.

"I am quite passably good-looking—can talk well, and do most things that other girls do in the way of cooking, sewing, etc."

"Humanist" says: *To bring the right man to the right girl is a task beyond my power. Yet I do understand and sympathise with my friend who writes above. She is still young, still in the first vigour of youth, and there should be happiness for her—happiness to which she is entitled. You had better join some sort of social club, preferably one attached to your church.*

ONE GUINEA **will be awarded each week to the sender of the best Human Document. This week's winner is "THE MAN WHO RAN AWAY."**

The Crippled Girl

I AM a cripple. I lost my foot ten years ago, and I have had a peg leg now for about eight years, and now it is worn out. I am trying to get an artificial foot, but I am at a standstill. I require another 30 Surgical Aid letters before I can get it. I have 30 letters, and have had a terrible job to get them, and I cannot possibly get another one. They need another 10 letters before they start making it. I am the eldest at home; my mother is very poor, with only my father's money to keep us going.

I cannot work, as people won't have me, thinking that I cannot work. As it is, I walk about in pain, as this old peg leg makes nasty and very painful blisters all round my leg, and it hurts my mother to see me walk about with it, and she cannot help me. We write to ladies asking for help, as we see their names on the subscribers' list, but the sort of replies we receive I should like to show you. My clergyman got me the 30, but he is unable to do any more for me. I am always willing to work if I could get it. I have 10 brothers and sisters beside myself, and three out of work; the rest are still at school. Please do you know anybody who subscribes to the Society and could get me some letters? If I could only get my foot, I could get a job and help my mother. I am 20 years old.

"Humanist" says: *I have no doubt that amongst my readers are some who would only be too glad to use their influence to secure the extra subscribers' letters.*

The End of the Road

"YOU hear many tales of woe, 'Humanist,' but perhaps you will not mind me unfolding mine and asking your advice, for I feel I must tell somebody.

"I have four dear little children, but alas, all of them are ill. My husband is an ex-Service man and has five medals, but no one seems to have any work to give him. He, too, is in indifferent health.

"To make matters worse, I am about to have another child, and the thought of bringing it into such misery nearly drives me mad.

"During the last coal strike we were obliged to go into debt for goods to the extent of £20, and we are trying to pay that off at 5s. a week.

"But this is not yet the worst, 'Humanist,' for now an ejectment order has been taken out against us, because of four months' rent owing.

"It is terrible, and I really don't know what to do. The landlord is determined to enforce the order unless we make him a payment, and then we will have nothing left but the workhouse. As we've striven so desperately to keep away from there I think it would break my heart to go now.

"You can imagine how terrible it is for me to think, that as my husband and I are not able to find food for our four little ones now, more suffering awaits us when the time comes for another little mouth to be filled. You see, as all of us are ill there will be no one to attend to the kiddies during the time of stress.

"But what can we do, 'Humanist.' Is there any chance, do you think, of someone offering my man work to do?"

"Humanist" says: *This is indeed as sad a story as I have heard. I have passed your letter to the Secretary of the Greatest of These Fund and he will no doubt assist as much as he can. But perhaps there is someone in your district who can offer your husband a job. (The writer stays near Coleford, Glos.) Meantime keep good heart because of the strength which you will soon need so much. You should certainly inform the local guardians of your predicament—and I feel sure that some help will be forthcoming. I cannot think that they would allow you to be turned out of your home at present*

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

"Beans" for Bumble

by HARRISON OWEN

The Character of Bumble, made famous by Charles Dickens, was the personification of hard-heartedness, and among the most virulent of kill-joys.

STANDING up in the dock, Alderman Bumble anxiously scrutinised the faces of the jurymen as they returned to court.

They did not own a "beaver" among them, and their smiling countenances convinced the prisoner that his fate was sealed. The verdict of "Guilty" came almost as a foregone conclusion.

"My Lord," observed Bumble solemnly, when asked if he had anything to say, "this is a poor return for my efforts upon behalf of public morality. For years I have striven to uplift England, and now I am told that I am a public nuisance, a menace to Brighter London and a blot upon the landscape, seascape and riverside.

"Since 1914 I have been particularly active. I have used my influence with the L.C.C. and other municipal bodies—especially those of seaside towns—to induce them to insist upon a more rigorous standard of behaviour. At several places I have had mixed bathing prohibited, and I have done much to prevent Sabbath-breaking.

"I cannot prevent the Court passing sentence, but if I am sent to prison, I warn you that when I come out I will use my best endeavours to prohibit persons under the age of 65 serving upon juries."

Mr. Justice Bull, who had listened patiently to this harangue, leaned back in his seat and addressed the pompous figure in the dock.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "a jury of your fellow-countrymen has decided that you are a public nuisance and, I feel bound to add, the verdict has my entire concurrence. Your counsel has suggested that you were not solely responsible for the interference with private liberty, the pettifogging restrictions and the insulting behaviour toward perfectly decent citizens with which you have been charged. He urged that various associates of yours named Stiggins, Podsnap, Dogberry and Chadband, and also two female confederates—a certain Mrs. Grundy and a woman known to the police as 'Dora' were the real offenders.

"The unsavory reputations of all the persons named are familiar to the court, and counsel for the prosecution has assured me that the Merrier England police are conducting investigations with a view to bringing charges against them. But this does not lessen your own guilt. There can be no doubt that, in some cases, you instigated and, in others, aided and abetted, all these persons in their misguided activities.

"The only mitigating circumstance is that the medical evidence shows you to be suffering from a common form of dementia known as livelyphobia—or horror of liveliness—due, I understand, to the presence of Bumble-bees in the bonnet. Having regard to this, I will temper justice with mercy by merely sentencing you to be kept in custody for the whole of 1923. I can only hope that during that period you will come to realise the error of your ways."

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HEXHAM COURANT":—"Mr.——— SINCE HIS DEATH had LIVED WITH HIS COUSIN."

"LLOYD'S GIRLS' HOME LIBRARY":—"Her cheeks began to burn, SPARKS OF FIRE DARTED FROM HER EYES."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The Prince had a long, hard day with Lord Bathurst's hounds . . . the pack running for three hours WITHOUT CAUSE."

"POPULAR":—"He took off his spectacles, wiped them, and replaced them upon his AGITATED NOSE."

"WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE":—"A heavy growth of BREAD covered the man's chin."

"GAINSBOROUGH NEWS":—"The FUNERAL took place at the New Cemetery on Tuesday, and was attended with MUSICAL HONOURS."

"ROCHESTER, CHATHAM AND GILLINGHAM JOURNAL" (advertisement):—"Strong Kitchen Table, SINGLE BEDSTEAD, GOOD WORKER AND QUIET IN HARNESS."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"The Commission desire it to be known that the forecast is ENTIRELY AUTHORISED and INACCURATE."

YOUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

Make Sure of Securing Double Happiness

MANY people refrain from making New Year resolutions simply for fear that cynical friends will jeer at them and say, as they never tire of saying, that such resolutions last only a week. A New Year resolution is generally a promise to oneself, and the cynics no doubt base their rude remarks on the old proverb, "Promises are like pie-crust, lightly made and easily broken."

It is easy to release oneself from a promise the breaking of which involves no discomfort or inconvenience except to oneself. An undertaking on which the happiness of others depends is on a different footing.

Throughout the year, there are many thousands of families whose last hope of relief from misery depends upon the support given to our "Greatest of These—" Fund. We should like every reader of JOHN BULL, by way of a New Year resolution, to make himself personally responsible for relieving the distress of at least one of these families.

There is a young widow living in Peckham. She has one child, three years of age. Since her husband's death she has struggled bravely to support herself and her child in respectability by charing, but it has been a terrible task.

Her Christmas was but a mockery of the festive season. In spite of all her efforts, she had got into arrears with the rent of her single room, and what should have been a time of joy and gladness was for her one of sickening apprehension lest she should be turned into the street.

Her clothing is threadbare. Her boots, which she has sewn together over and over again, scarcely cling to her feet as she trudges through the mud looking for work and shelter. The Guardians offer her accommodation in the workhouse, but she wishes to save her child from the stigma of pauperdom.

All she asked from us was sufficient money to pay off some of the arrears of her rent, so that the landlord might be induced to stay his hand a little longer.

The local vicar writes, "Her case is a very distressing one and deserves as much assistance as can be bestowed."

This is but one case of many. Resolve with the New Year that you will relieve one such, and in bringing happiness to others you will find happiness yourself.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Trust to Trumps," 1s. 2d.; "Hard Up Couple," 4½d.; B. E. S., 9d.; "Unemployed," 1s.; "93," 2s. 6d.; E. B., 3s. 2½d.; J. B., 2½d.; J. B. Reader, 6d.; "Manchester," 2s.; Mrs. E., 2s. 6d.; H. W., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Mother of Three," 1s. 1½d.; H. G., 1s.; "Pumpherston," 1s. 3d.; D. C., 2s. 6d.; "Three Ninths," 6½d.; "Breamar," 2s. 3d.; P. H. D., 1s.; "Bridlington," 6d.; M. J. M., 2s. 6d.; "Tonic," 2s. 10d.; K. W., 1s. 6d.; "Wee Mite," 5s.; J. H., 2s.; Anon. (Twickenham), 3s. 2d.; E. J., 1s. 3d.; "Rough Old Nine," 2s.; "Bournemouth," 3s. 1d.; V. G. W., 2s.; "Sunshine's Coming," 5s. 6d.; B. T., 5s. 10½d.; Nurse M., 4s. 8d.; R. J. D., 1s 8d.; A. L. E., 6d.; Anon. (Cardiff), 1s.; Anon. (Cheshire), 4d.; G. F., 1d.; "Poor Man," 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher" (Haywards Heath), 1s. 7d.; H. W. (Bradford), 1s.; E.6, 1s. 8d.; "Happy Returns," 2s. 4½d.; "Tyne Dock," 1s. 6d.; "Out of Work," 2s. 2d.; "Harrogate," 1s. 7d.; "Dalton," 10½d.; N. B., 10½d.; "Humble Ninth," 6d.; H. J., 1s.; J. M. (Clarkston), 15s.; E. M. F., 5d.; H. M., 7d.; E. G. H., 3s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Anon. (Stoke-on-Trent), 2s.; U. J. M., 5d.; "Wellwisher" (Buylane), 5s.; K. H., 1s C½d; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 4d.; "Wellwisher" (Yiewsley), 4½d.; A. G., £5; A. P., 3s. 10½d.; D. P., 1s.; R. T., 2s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 4d.; "Gunner," 9½d.; Anon., 1s. 9d.; "Free Bullets," 1s.; K. B., 3s. 2d.; Anon., 10d.; C. G. R., 6½d.; A. J. W., 1s. 3d.; M. E. L., 4s., 6d.; T. W. I. G., 1s. 1d.; D. A. K., 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Norvic," 9s. 10½d.; H. Z., 1s.; R. R., 2s.; "Cray," 7d.; Anon. (Bexhill), 3s.; "Laddie," 12s. 6d.; A. C., 11d.; "Old Soldier," 7d.; "Silver Badger," 4s.; S. R., 2s. 9d.; C. R., 9d.; "Beams," 1s.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; "Ex-Service Man," 5d.; B. C. & E. S. (Christchurch), 5s.; O. S. N., 2s. 6d.; "Good Luck," 5s. 6d.; Anon., 30 francs; "Worried" (Crewe), 1s. 10d.; "Welsh Boy," 2½d.; P. O., 1s. 9d.; E. G. S., 9d.; "6028," 1s.; "Arthur," 4d.; "Nancy," 1½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; F. E. H. B., 2s.; "Belated," 1s.; "Regular Reader," 9d.; "Rhodesian," 1s. 3d.; "Optimistic," 1s. 1d.; "Macduff," 1s. 9d.; Anon. (Gloucester), 7½d.; "Irene," 9½d.; J. H., 2s.; "Dust," 4s.; "Unemployed," 6½d.; V. S. (Manchester), 1s. 3d.; R. S., 1s. 8½d.; J. H., 2s. 3d.; F. P., 2s. 2d.; W. L. M., 2s.; K. R., 1s. 6d.; "Guernsey," 6d.; H. W. N., 1s. 3½d.; M. J., 2½d.; "Thankful One," 2s. 1d.; T. W. T., 1s.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; R. F. R., 5s.; Anon., 1s. 2½d.; C. S. K., 2s.; G. W. F., 3s. 6d.; "Hard Up," 8d.; W. G. T., 6d.; J. H. L., 1s.; "Two Ninths" (Palmers Green), 6s. 3d.; W. W., 8d.; S., 5s.; O. L. H., 1d.; "Belgrave," 2s.; J. B., 2s. 6d.; R. J. G., 5s.; "Harold," 2s. 4d.; E. A., 6s. 3d.; "Cwmry," 3s. 8d.; H. C., 1s. 1d.; Anon., 8d.; J. H. F., 2s.; "Glasgow F.," 1s.; T. H. S., 2s.; L. E. G., 1s. 4½d.; "For Hope," 5½d.; "Lory," 1s.; "Bachelor Girl," 2s. 11d.; J. M. B., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 4d.; Anon., 2s. 2d.; Anon. (Worcester), 5s. 8d.; K. A. D., 2s.; "Mona," 7½d.; G. F. McD., 7s. 4d.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 3½d.; D. L., 2s.; "Bulleteer," 6d.; R. C. & K., 1s. 6d.; "We Two," 7d.; Anon., 4½d.; "Unemployed" (Cardiff), 5d.; Anon. (St. Annes), 1s. 2d.; J. L., 7d.; "South Wales Miner," 1½d.; J. G., 7d.; R. B. (York), 14s. 6d.; Mrs. H. O., 2s.; "Widow," 6d.; "Out of Work," 6½d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Ex-Service Man," 1s.; "Foot Rule," 1s.; F. B. (Woodford), 2s.; "Unlucky," 2s.; R. A. H., 1s. 7d.; "Unemployed," 1d.; "L. L. L.," 1s.; Anon. (Minstead), 1s. 10½d.; W. H. S., 4½d.; Anon., 6d.; A. E. S., 1s. 4d.; "Ex-Soldier" (Preston), 4½d.; N. F., 9d.; "Swindon," 7d.; "Well Wisher" (Kent), 1s. 6½d.; W. O. M., 2½d.; W. J. K., 7d.; W. A. P., 2s 6d.; "Unfortunate Mother," 6d.; Mrs. A., 1s. 6d.; R. B., 1s.; M. K., 1s. 6d.; "Widow," 6d.; L. T., 1s.; P. M., 1s 3d.; Anon., 6d.; K. P., 2s.; "A Ninth for Humanity," 1s. 1½d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

SMALLPOX.

The danger of Smallpox is still a real one, and readers are asked to take advantage of the Emergency Smallpox Benefit which JOHN BULL is offering under its great Free Home Insurance. This week, we paid a claim of £3 per week, Smallpox Benefit, to:—

Mr. J. GARVEY, 72, Hill Street, Bilston, Staffs.

Over 100 other Claims paid under our great Free Home Insurance are held over owing to lack of space.

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Miss Elsie Benstead, 42, Rosmead Street, New Bridge Road, Hull, says:—"When quite a little girl I had St. Vitus' dance, and ever after was nervous and ailing. I grew up terribly anæmic, with no energy, and suffered dreadfully with headache. Another affliction was neuritis pain in my back, so sharp that it was like toothache. Nothing relieved it. I had no heart for anything and no strength, I was hardly ever free from headache, and often my heart would flutter frightfully. Anyway, I started taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and feel quite a changed girl. I grew stronger than I had ever been, and colour came back to my cheeks. Now I am ever so well and active."

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Nervous Breakdown	Headache
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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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. . Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE . .

Gentlemen Jockeys.

A WEEK or so ago a writer in an evening contemporary announced that it was the intention of a certain well-known amateur horseman to shortly turn professional. Unfortunately for the scribe in question, he made a bad shot, since the rider alluded to is a gentleman as to whose *bona fides* as an amateur there can be no manner of doubt, and it was necessary to publish a contradiction forthwith. Had such a pronouncement been made in other directions, it might have been regarded as "intelligent anticipation."

Pro-Amateurs.

That there are several prominent riders now before the public posing as "gentlemen jockeys" whose amateur status is open to the most severe criticism, is a fact which will not brook denial. More than one of them gained military distinction by serving in the war, but that is no reason why they should be able to compete on advantageous terms with professional horsemen.

Unfair Competition.

That men of the type I have endeavoured to indicate, men who ride for Tom, Dick and Harry, and even go so far as to "tout" for mounts, should be allowed to ride on even terms with the *bona fide* amateur, the man who purchases horses chiefly for the purpose of riding them himself, is monstrously unfair and should not be allowed to continue.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Greenogue.—This horse, who is greatly improved in his jumping, should win again shortly.

Golden Fleece.—This versatile veteran 'carries his weight of years bravely, and being equally at home over hurdles and the bigger fences, it should not be a matter of difficulty to place him to win a race.

Lone Hand.—Making his second appearance over a country, this young 'chaser jumped boldly and well at Kempton Park, and in somewhat less exalted company he can scarcely fail to make his mark.

Kirkharle.—A fine jumper, and above all a capital stayer, this horse, who is very well, should be made a special note of for hurdle races over a distance of ground.

Speculator.—Like many of his kidney, this "flatcatcher" has taken kindly to the jumping business, and his present trainer will be surprised as well as disappointed if he fails to pay his way.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

They say Tom Coulthwaite has the Grand National winner in his stable. Well, it has to have a bit more speed than Drifter.

* * *

People are still talking of an affair at the last Hurst Park meeting. I hear of a layer who refused a substantial bet, although the backer wanted less than S.P.

* * *

Highlander's hurdling schools may be the first part of his Lincolnshire preparation.

* * *

I should like 33 to 1 about Tom Rintoul's best for the Lincolnshire.

* * *

Southampton will get 12st. in the Grand National, whether Lord Woolavington likes it or not.

* * *

It is understood that Drake and Town Guard are joint favourites for the Derby.

THE BALL GAME.

I SAW Wadsworth, the Huddersfield back, perform again the other day, and, while he will not be picked for the next English team as a matter of course, he played well enough to come up for full consideration. The English last line is not in these days the automatic choice it was in the Crompton-Pennington era.

Lowe Wants More.

C. N. Lowe wants one more international cap to have a bigger collection than any other English player of all time, and I hope he plays well enough on Saturday in the final trial to get it. At the same time, my Rugby friends tell me Lowe has dropped nearly all of his old electric dash for the line, and when a wing "three" loses that, half of his legitimate job is gone.

Little New Blood.

Apart from this, I know men who would not take fours about England winning the championship. Selection Committees, as of old, still play for safety in preferring the tried but ageing player to the promising but inexperienced younger one. In last season's internationals there was more than one forward who had stopped to nothing long before the finish.

Amateur Boom.

Amateur football has never before boomed as it has done this season, and more than one of the big professional organisations is not pleased about it. Personally, I think there is more than room for both, and if the paid teams are losing support because of any preference for the equally virile and less quibbling football of the amateurs, it is their fault. Nevertheless, the amateur clubs who have a decent ground are flourishing with hardly an exception.

In and Out.

As I write, Middlesbrough have not won half their matches. This is not good enough for them to confirm the eulogy I handed out over them earlier in the season. Their great trouble is inconsistency, and when they do not play well, their football often descends to the putrid. A local supporter writes me asking why Murray, late of Derby County, is not given his chance. I don't know, as I do not spend my week-ends in Middlesbrough. My correspondent evidently does, and I hope he enjoys them!

Cup Fallacy.

Everyone will soon be talking about "Money in the Cup," "£5,000 for a goal" and other similar football finance, according to the direction of the sports editor of their particular daily paper. Cup wealth is often a fallacy. I know of one club which last season reached the fourth round, and yet, including replays, was not more than £300 in pocket at the time of its knock-out.

By Arrangement.

Look out for some startling results shortly, when neighbouring clubs meet and one of them is in danger of relegation. They say charity begins at home, and a point here and there when it can be spared is not infrequently conceded to a friend in need. The League Committee will tell you it isn't done, but I have my suspicions.

A Seed Crop.

I am glad to see that Jimmy Seed is back to his proper form. There is no more attractive player south of the Tweed than the 'Spurs' inside-right, but the elegant type, when they are off their game, are off it properly. Seed has found his again to such an extent that his recent displays have been above anything he has hitherto done at White Hart Lane, and as regards Jimmy, the 'Spurs supporters resemble Oliver Twist.

Now Then, Blyth.

I have another opportunity of dealing with the first round of the F. A. Cup, but I here express my hope that we shall have two or three instances of the David and Goliath art. My advice to the weaker clubs that are drawn against the stronger ones is not to pay any attention to reputation. Now then, Blyth Spartans!

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative

GATWICK (WEDNESDAY).

1.0 **Governor Wood** (Milligan, Rocklight II.)
1.30 **Petty Cury** (Glance, Maraskin).
2.0 **Gerald L.** (Pay Only, Old Tay Bridge).
2.30 **B. Jay*** (Double Scotch, Dutch Toy).
3.0 **Pollen** (Schiddles, Pinwheel).
3.30 **Blenheim** (Gasper, Eastern Prince).

GATWICK (THURSDAY).

1.0 **Scrabo** (Governor Wood, Prickly).
1.30 **Steadfast** (Ilderton, House).
2.0 **Ardcough** (Good Points, Hard Nail).
2.30 **Royal Bucks** (Nareesh, Golly Eyes).
3.0 **Ormskirk** (Loch Allen, Bergate).
3.30 **Ballyrag** (Egyptian Eagle, Tons of Money).

HURST PARK (FRIDAY).

1.0 **Good Points** (Shaun Spadah).
1.30 **British Warm** (Perico, Petty Cury).
2.0 **Milligan** (Bemersy).
2.30 **Old Times*** (Dorado).
3.0 **Silvo** (Winkle).
3.30 **Cruiser Arc** (Sancroft, Blenheim).

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).

1.0 **Lukewarm** (Mr. Shepherd).
1.30 **Yewden** (Deerslayer, House).
2.0 **Old Tay Bridge** (My Rath, Keep Cool).
2.30 **Cyclax** (Prince Herod, Glass Idol).
3.0 **Glowanna** (Carrobtown, Henry B.).
3.30 **Glass Idol** (Tomahawk, Charles Surface).

HAYDOCK PARK (FRIDAY).

1.0 **Bucket** (Black Gown, Agricola).
1.30 **Deerfoot** Nitric).
2.0 **Daylight Saver** (Kirkharle, Derryboy II.)
2.30 **Regicles** (Life Buoy, Ballyhandy).
3.0 **Fibber** (Shrewsbury).
3.25 **The Bore** (Toyboat, Tomfoolery).

HAYDOCK PARK (SATURDAY).

1.0 **King David** (Baydon, Butterthwaite).
1.30 **Irish Dragoon** (Signum, Nitric).
2.0 **Ulster Division** (Sweet Mauvereen, Farm Camp).
2.30 **Smashaway** (Hairpin II.).
3.0 **Pavet** (Fortune, Loughlin Bridge).
3.25 **Harmonius** (Suitus, Marcero).

John Bull's Footballers

No. 16.—THE RANGERS.

I AM not going to join in Scotland's national split as to whether Celtic or the Rangers have contributed the most to Scottish football. Let me call it a dead-heat.

Still, the Rangers' record includes 50 players with international honours, and every honour it has been possible for the club to collect.

To-day, unfortunately, they have no R. S. McColl or Jimmy Gordon, and, indeed, their two best backs, Manderson and McCandless, are Irishmen. The latter got in the Irish team when Billy McCracken declined to play. He is small but stocky, and like the type, has a big heart. Manderson is the more stylish and scientific, but they harmonise nicely.

Of the halves there is the hefty Dixon, who should never have left Oldham, Meiklejohn and Muirhead. A serviceable line, but it is in attack that the Rangers of to-day most resemble the Rangers of other generations.

Four of their regular forwards have been in the Scottish team at one time or another. Archibald and Cunningham, in fact, make about the best right wing beyond the Tweed, while of Cairns and Morton on the left, the latter is one of the greatest wingers the game has known, possibly as good as Bobby Templeton. I remember Morton in one inter-league game giving Longworth a horrible afternoon.

The Rangers have won the Scottish championship and the Cup often, and once had a memorable Cup final with Celtic, when the crowd set fire to the pay boxes. All the two clubs got out of that game was a fine of £150 each for damage, for the trophy and medals were withheld.

P.S.

(Next week: A. Grimsdell ('Spurs.)

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 6.

(Nap selections in black type.)

HOME WINNERS.

W. Bromwich, Burnley, **Liverpool, Huddersfield**, Tottenham, **Newcastle**, Palace, **Leeds, Leicester, Manchester U., Notts C.**, Rotherham, Wednesday, S. Shields, W. Ham, Bristol C., **Norwich**, Portsmouth, **Exeter, Watford**, Barrow, **Bradford**, Darlington, **Halifax**, Southport, Walsall, Albion R., Celtic, **Falkirk, Hearts, Raith R., Rangers.**

AWAY WINNERS.

Manchester C., **Bury, Swansea**, Plymouth, **Swindon**, Rochdale, **Chesterfield, Nelson, Dundee**, Hibernians.

DRAWS.

Stoke v. Arsenal, **Preston** v. **Aston V.**, Birmingham v. Sunderland, Cardiff v. Bolton, **Fulham** v. **Southampton**, Brighton v. Northampton, Millwall v. Luton, **Southend** v. **Merthyr, Tranmere** v. **Crewe**, Hamilton v. Partick, **Morton** v. **Airdrieonians.**

SUGGESTED COUPS.

3 DRAWS:—Fulham v. Southampton, Southend v. Merthyr, Morton v. Airdrieonians.

4 AWAY:—Bury, Swansea, Nelson, Dundee.

8 HOME:—Liverpool, Leicester, Manchester U., Notts C., W. Ham, Watford, Falkirk, Rangers.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Liverpool, Notts C., Rangers, Nelson, Dundee.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Notts C., Nelson, Tranmere v. Crewe.

How to Pick Winners

The Proper Way to Follow Selling Platers

Ex-handicapper, continuing his interesting series, deals with the weight for age race as a medium for safe investment

I PROMISED last week to deal with the weight-for-age race as a medium of safe investment. It is not in big handicaps, tempting as the prices seem to be, that one can enter into business with any great prospect of success. For the most part they are best left alone, except where there is something quite unusual in front of you—such a thing does occasionally occur. You can be pretty certain that the price will be fixed accordingly.

From a strictly business point of view, and when all is said and done, it makes little or no difference whether you back the winner of the Derby or the winner of a selling plate. Ninety-nine out of one hundred people interested in racing are not on the course.

From a close study of the Turf for a quarter of a century it is abundantly clear that, to be successful, handicaps, especially sprint races, where on some courses the draw is all-important, and in a few cases actually decides the issue, should be dealt with in the mildest stake. The student of form should concentrate on weight-for-age races, where the handicapper has no voice.

Very few people read the conditions attached to certain races—as a matter of fact, they are seldom published in the daily Press—and yet they are of the utmost importance, especially in the case of maiden plates. Odds-on chances materialise here which, in the opinion of the handicappers, often means, simply picking up money. True, it is not a quick way to a fortune, but it is sound.

Some years ago a well-known racing journalist suggested a system which he claimed was water-tight, namely, to support every horse starting at over 2 to 1 on. He did not explain his reasons for this system, but they were obvious to anyone of racing experience.

Take, for instance, a meeting where there is a smallish public attendance to make the market. The public will not lay 5 to 2 on. They prefer to accept 5 to 2 against. The "bookie" is literally crying out for their money. They are not financially strong enough, and it is here that the "bookie" gets a bit of a knock for the time being from the professional, although in the end there is not much between them.

Variation of stakes has been recommended, namely, a gradual increase up to about the end of June, then a gradual decrease up to August or early September, when serious business should cease, for after September winners are as difficult to find as the proverbial needle.

In selling plates there is, as a rule, every inducement to get second, because, bad as they are, there may be a gamble on, and the winner may be bought in for or sold for £1,000, after being entered to be sold for, say, £50, with half the surplus to the owner of the second. With anything possessing a chance in these events the commissions are nearly always "each way."

In handicaps it is another story. The experienced jockey knows very well at the distance whether he is beaten or not, and if the order is "win only" he discreetly ceases to persevere, telling the owner or trainer afterwards that he probably could have finished second, beaten by, say, half a length. Such information is not declared from the housetops.

Although there is something wrong with the majority of them, the form in selling races works out tolerably well, and as trainers can gauge it almost to a few pounds they can, if their stables are having a bad time, generally recoup their losses through the medium of these events by entering something just above the class.

When a horse makes his first appearance in a selling plate, and there is consequently no direct form to make a comparison with the other candidates, a glance at some handicaps, past or present, or even a collateral line, may reveal an extraordinary difference in the weights.

It is by no means an uncommon thing to find A and B allotted the same weight in a handicap, whereas in a selling plate there may be a difference of a stone or more by reason of the weight-for-age scale.

Obviously, if the handicapper is at all within the mark, the horse with such an advantage ought to be capable of appropriating the selling race. If he has such an advantage over one candidate the probabilities are that he has about the same pull with regard to the others.

The past running of a horse should be carefully looked into, for if he has only been out two or three times, the handicapper may merely be taking care of him; on the other hand, if he has been out several times, then the advantage he possesses becomes all the more striking.

Another method of finding a probable winner in selling race events is by a close study of the week's programme. Should a horse hold many engagements of this description, the trainer will pick a race where he thinks there is the best chance of success, and the very fact of this multiplicity of engagements points, as a general rule, to the horse being fancied.

Should it be decided to send him on a long journey, then there is still more reason to conclude that he is "expected." On Easter Monday, for instance, a horse may be entered at Kempton Park, and as far north as Newcastle. If trained in the south and sent to the north, it is a reasonable assumption that the mission is not to finish down the field, for he equally well could do that at Kempton and at much less expense!

Provincial stables are well aware of what they are likely to meet, and when they have a "cut in" it is usually with something pretty smart, though occasionally they do send a thoroughly exposed but fairly reliable "plater," with the object of finishing second and thereby sharing the surplus when they spot something "extra" among the entries.

Next week's article will deal with the partiality of owners for certain courses, and the errors into which some trainers fall.

R.F.O. says: "EVER TO THE FORE."

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Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into the air passages of the head, nose, throat, and lungs and carries medicine where sprays, douches and salves cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

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Our Letter Parliament

Questions that might be asked in the House

Morphia for Murderers.

Is it not time that we, as a civilised and chivalrous nation, altered the method of execution of poor women who are condemned to death? Women are not by nature fitted to meet calmly the violent and degrading death by hanging. We have in science the means, a simple injection of morphia, to avoid all this. Let her say farewell to all her friends and relatives, and let her pass away in peace in bed with the calm assurance that Christ is awaiting at the barrier to forgive and help one more poor Mary Magdalene.—E. A. Nugard, Goldhill Manor, Lower Bourne, Farnham.

British Seamen for British Ships.

We read of Lascar panic at shipwrecks and of Lascar interests in white women in port. In England "women first" is their motto; at sea "women second." Meanwhile ex-sailors are on the verge of starvation. Cannot something be done to mitigate the evil of our home unemployment by reducing the Eastern personnel on our ships? If the directors of big mercantile marine companies are sufficiently unpatriotic to continue to engage such labour it is up to Parliament to compel them to remember their obligations.—James Ross, Darwen.

"Fatty" Arbuckle's Pardon.

Remembering poor Virginia Rappe, the moral horror of the circumstances under which she died, and the degradation of the atmosphere revealed, a wave of disgust ought to be created by the suggestion that "Fatty" Arbuckle should be re-instated as a film favourite. Our exhibitors must see to it that Arbuckle does not return to the British screens. "Fatty" cannot make us laugh as he did in the days before we knew; his film presence can do no more than remind us of matters that are best forgotten. "Fatty" must not come back.—D. C., Leeds.

Encouragement for Inventors.

Several inventors of utility articles are receiving very little for the hours of endeavour and the expense incurred in experiments, protection, etc., in fact, in some instances they are actually out of pocket. Surely the Government ought to finance valuable ideas, and manufacture articles where results look promising. Some of the remarkable inventions adopted by German armament firms were the result of British ideas, which Germany developed and Britain neglected.—A. C. Marriott, Central Road, Leicester.

The Unwrapped Loaf.

I have on many occasions seen unwrapped bread drop from vehicles into the mud, to be picked up, perfunctorily wiped with the carrier's hands and sleeve, and replaced among its companions. In the interest of health and cleanliness the wrapping up of bread ought to be made compulsory.—L. S. Roseby, 49, Finsbury Park Road, N.4.

Body-Snatching in Egypt.

In India there is a saying, "May your shadow grow longer, and may wolves never desecrate your grave," which is considered "doing you proud"—in fact it is a blessing.

The recent discovery in Egypt of the tomb of an ancient king, recalls the Indian saying to mind. I am not a kill-joy, but is it quite playing the game to disturb the last sleep of these ancient ones?

I have always been under the impression that body-snatching, although well paid, was rather a low-down profession. One might as well say that Westminster Abbey would form a great excavation ground, with a ready sale in America for the relics.

It would be much more humane to "excavate" some plan for the benefit of the living, especially the unemployed at the present time.—Norman Buchanan, Kingsfield Terrace, Dartford.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Are Suicides Sane?

Persons committing suicide are usually certified to have been insane. Everyone will agree that this is the correct verdict, as no one taking his own life could be in his right senses.

Yet, on the other hand, those who attempt suicide but are prevented by the timely arrival of assistance, are brought up at the police court and charged as criminals, and more often than not sentenced to a term of imprisonment. If those who succeeded in taking their own lives had failed to do so they would have been criminals and not lunatics. Surely this ridiculous state of affairs could be remedied?—J. W. Lyons, 93, Greek Street, Hull.

The Risks of Shaving.

In every way efforts are being made to stop the spreading of infectious diseases, but little attention seems to have been paid to the dangers run by people who regularly visit barbers. Every barber in the country should be forced to use a separate paper towel for each customer, the towel to be destroyed immediately after use. The other day I saw an inmate of a sanatorium, a consumptive, being shaved, and the towel he had used was tucked under another man's chin. Isn't this almost criminal?—J. M. M., Kirkcaldy.

Speak Your Mind!

IF you have anything to say, say it here. Your views can't live without air. Air them here.

Bathrooms for the Poor.

Is it not a disgrace to England that so many of her working-class homes have no bathroom? Cleanliness is next to godliness and plays an important part in health and happiness. The worker's leisure is too small to allow of him wasting time in the waiting-room of the municipal bath-house. One is tired of the argument that certain people possessing baths use them for other purposes. If one maniac cuts his throat with a razor is that any reason why the rest of us should be Beavers?—Harry Rogers, Vincent Road, Noel Park, Wood Green.

State Supported Hospitals.

I would like to ask the Prime Minister why the Government cannot nationalise all the hospitals and so dispense with street begging with boxes? This would also enable us to dispense with the National Health Insurance Scheme, which has proved itself an utter failure. Large offices have been erected at a great expense, and the "sweet selected few" have got cushy jobs with large salaries and very little to do. Thousands, after paying years of contributions, are told that in consequence of a lapse of payment through unemployment they are only entitled to medical benefits.—E. G., Marylebone, N.W.1.

Hire Purchase Injustice.

Parliament ought to at once revise the laws relating to the hire purchase system. It can hardly be considered fair that a family trying hard to fulfil their obligations should have to lose all their furniture if they cannot keep up with their payments.

Sometimes circumstances over which they have no control arise to spoil their good intentions. Yet hard-hearted dealers can demand the return of the furniture. Surely the law ought to compel them to make some allowance for the amount paid.—Hy. Simmers, 79, Hr. Bridge Street, Bolton.

Limpets' Little Game.

As it was not to be expected during the economy campaign that the highly-paid officials would sack each other, it was decided to reduce the number of offices and discharge the lower ranks. The result is that to-day crippled pensioners are compelled to walk a mile or two extra and then have to wait hours before being attended to. To-day the City of London, Holborn and Clerkenwell has one office in Tysoe Street to deal with the whole of the pensioners in those areas. The caretaker of the Bethnal Green offices and his wife and four children were told to clear out and have been threatened with eviction (he is an ex-pensioner). The latest to go are a one-legged clerk, and a one-armed messenger, who also acted as filing clerk.—Cyprus, Brixton.

Taxing Foreigners.

There is at present a tax of 15s. per year, payable by anyone who employs a manservant. Why not do away with this tax and substitute a tax of 15s. per year for each employed person (male or female) who is not a *British* subject. Foreigners are taxed in Germany. Why not here also?—J. E. T., Eltham.

Co-operative Turn-Coats.

The majority of Co-operative Societies (so called Labour concerns) in South Wales have kept their lower-paid men on short time for the last six months, whilst the highly-paid ones enjoyed full pay. This was after a reduction of 23 per cent. Now they demand a further reduction of 20 per cent., with no guarantee of full time, thus forcing many married men to live on about 32s. per week.

The committees of these societies are composed of men who during the last election supported the cause of Labour on the platforms. They make a song about the capitalist system, but, believe me, they are ten times worse than those they rave against.—Disgusted, Caerphilly.

To be, or not to be a Leading Man of Big Business—*that* is the Question!

Whether it is better to live wholly for the moment, devoting *every* spare hour to the pursuit of pleasure, or to invest some portion of leisure time in the Winter evenings in the acquirement of Specialised Knowledge—*that* is a question for every young business man to answer according to individual circumstances and temperament.

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P. U. P. (Hounslow).—"Who was the first man to fly?" Professor Langley—an American.

PILLS (Forfarshire).—"Do you want a scandal about a minister?" No. (Sensation in Forfarshire!)

LOVER OF ENGLAND (Whitechapel).—"It is strange that the alien is so disliked." If you were British you'd understand why.

CURIOUS (Welkin).—"I should like to know your good resolutions for 1923." The principal resolution is not to make resolutions.

TINY TIM (Oxford).—"The manners of 'varsity students have deteriorated." People have been saying that for hundreds of years.

HOLLY BRANCH (Leamington Spa).—"A happy Xmas to JOHN BULL staff." Bit late, but we've ante-dated your genial wish.

CHEWED STRING (Paris).—"I can't understand whether Harold Owen is in favour of a Channel Tunnel or not. I am!" So are we.

AUNTY (Blackpool).—"Why do storms come from America?" Because they don't: they usually originate in the Atlantic.

MEMBER U. K. A. (Salford).—"Can you give me one argument against prohibition, sir?" Yes, sir, we can, sir, and ten thousand, sir.

MARRY IN HASTE (Brighton).—"My girl is very anxious to marry me before her fiancé returns to England." What does *your* fiancée say about it?

TULIPS (Swindon).—"You will be surprised to learn that I have never seen JOHN BULL until last week." Nothing ever surprises us. Nothing.

CHEESEPARING (London).—"I am one of the victims of the insensate cry for Government economy." And we are some of the victims of the Government's insensate habit of extravagance.

AN ELK (London).—"There is a better feeling in America about Britain than ever there has been." In this simple statement, Brother Elk, you record a really big development.

WENDY (Malvern).—"Can you tell me the best way to get married—church or registry office?" It is a matter of sentiment. You'll feel more married in a church.

WATCHFUL (Crewe).—"The other night while lying in bed I heard a tremendous bump. It gave me a shock." Our sympathies are more with the fellow who *felt* it.

A. T. C. (Eastbourne).—"Why does Lloyd George go to Spain?" For a holiday. Is that right, sir?

MINNIE (Southampton).—"I've had my eye on your paper for a long time." Try both eyes.

CHRISTIAN (Totnes).—"If the theory of evolution is true, who laid the first egg?" Don't be silly.

J. M. (Manchester).—"What does dreaming of falling mean?" Usually an unhealthy tummy.

ANYWHERE (Bolton).—"I sincerely hope that the staff of JOHN BULL will prosper." Thank you kindly.

ANTI-PROFITEER (Edinburgh).—"There is still a lot of profiteering in the meat trade." And in many other trades.

CHICKO (late Gib.).—"England is changed since I left three summers ago." It usually does this time of the year.

COMMON-SENSE (London).—"The outsides of buses should be weather-proof." They are—but only the inside passengers feel the benefit.

H. H. (Ludlow).—"Is there any chance of Lord Carnarvon's great discoveries coming to England?" Yes: a few of them.

JEWEL (Falmouth).—"Is it true that toads have precious stones in their heads?" No, ma'am. It is an old legend and a lie.

T. C. (Salonika).—"You English are hypocritical swine." And you Greeks are nature's gentlemen. And now we're both inaccurate!

VERITY (Birmingham).—"Why do we build warships if we are going to scrap them?" The ships we are building are to scrap with—not to scrap.

WELCOME STRANGER (Wigan).—"You cannot have too many children." That's where you're wrong. Any you cannot afford to feed, clothe and educate are too many.

TERRY (Birkenhead).—"If no honours are to be given for political services, why the peerage for Younger?" Probably they think that keeping the Tories together is a national service.

QUIETNESS (Bayswater Road).—"Only those who live on a motor-bus route realise the terrible noise they make." Those who can't afford to live in the Bayswater Road are very happy to use them.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

PENWIPER (Wood Green).—"Slander is rife here." Where isn't it?

JELLY (Luton).—"We have a curious Town Council." Who hasn't?

VICTIM (Nottingham).—"I quite endorse your warning about the Spanish prisoner fake. I was sold for £20." Mug.

LEAH (Tenby).—"When workhouses are full, what next?" Empty them by finding employment for the people.

TOM (Manchester).—"My wife and six kids all enjoyed our 'Bullets' turkey." Didn't they leave you any?

JOHNNY (Simons Town, S.A.).—"I heard here that JOHN BULL had shut up shop." Appropriately enough, Simons Town is in False Bay.

R. L. (Barnsley).—"May a man kiss his future sisters-in-law?" If his future wife is wise, she'll decide that question.

HOPEFUL BACHELOR (Dublin).—"How quiet Dublin seems without the Tommies!" We rather admire your idea of "quiet."

JACK STRAW (Hampstead).—"No attempt is being made to brighten up Hampstead Heath." What do you expect—to see the grass gilded?

WHY WORRY (Greenwich).—"What a jubilee there will be when Lansbury's premier!" Especially on the part of Lansbury.

DAISY (Wolverhampton).—"Can you tell me how to make ice-cream?" Br-r! We'll tell you how to make a fire.

W. H. W. (Leeds).—"What would you say if your lawyer took £8 out of £10 awarded to you as compensation after an accident?" We should wonder which of us met with the accident.

EXETERPORE (Wimbledon).—"I shall be obliged if you will carefully note what I have to say in this short letter." On reaching the 12th folio we found it was time for lunch.

SOLUS (Middlesbro').—"If I were a rich man yours would be one of the first names mentioned in my will." Sorry your banking account isn't as big as your heart.

PROPHET (Brighton).—"I've got a feeling that we shall all be much happier this year." We believe you are the fellow who said the same thing a year ago.

E. M. (Nuneaton).—"Are people sincere with their New Year's resolutions?" Yes, when they are resolved to win £8,000 by first procuring a "JOHN BULL" Pen.

PANSY (Droitwich).—"What I should like is a young man who would be regarded as a model—a teetotaler, non-smoker, and so on." Perhaps you would allow the unfortunate youth to chew a little gum occasionally.

H. W. (Cottenham).—"Why do cockerels crow at night?" Frankly, we cannot say.

ENTHUSIAST (Manchester).—"What is a good thing for 'cold feet'?" Keep your "pecker" up.

DISAPPOINTED (Egham).—"Why didn't you put a calendar in your splendid Xmas Xtra number." We will see what can be done next Xmas.

DAVID (Barnsley).—"My native place is Blackpool, and I came to Barnsley last August." Do you want our sympathy or congratulations?

T. N. (Berwick-on-Tweed).—"Glad to note that you continue to denounce scoundrels." We do give it them hot don't we?

OLD BILL.—"I should like to know if you have another reader who can beat my little lot." Your little lot seems absolutely unbeatable.

S. W. (Birkenhead).—"Beauty in all the Sister Arts is that which nowise shock imparts." We shouldn't be at all surprised.

W. E. (Swansea).—"Are German marks worth the speculation of a couple of 'Fishers'?" Not unless you are determined to lose your money.

ARCLIGHT (Selby).—"There is very little money for a lay preacher nowadays." Or for a professional preacher. Some of the curates are nearly starving.

NAN (Aberdeen).—"We never use the term 'clip in the lug' in the North of Scotland." People in the North of England will be 'narked.'

B. A. K. (Ealing).—"What is meant exactly by 'a dish of tea'?" It is a Georgian expression used to-day by people who like to be considered quaint.

A. F. F. (Marhamchurch).—"A friend of mine referred to someone's wife as a 'gray mare.' What did he mean?" That the wife is the boss at home.

R. K. (Canterbury).—"I know a young lady who speaks Yorkshire perfectly." Marvellous! We know thousands who are equally accomplished.

W. W. W. (Walsall).—"On the whole I am inclined to agree with much of what you said in your last issue." Thanks very much. What'll you have?

E. F. (Thame).—"What is the Christian name of Inman, the billiard player?" Inman was the recipient of the name of the town in which he was born: Melbourne (Australia).

J. H. (Aberdeen).—"I have just received a postcard which was posted in 1907! Can you explain the delay?" Perhaps the postman has been too busy reading it.

A. P. (Cardiff).—"We have a dirty lot of aliens here who keep honest Welshmen out of a job." The Cardiff unemployed could be profitably employed cleaning up the Welsh cesspool.

V. E. F. (Hendon).—"The trouble with the nursing profession is that we all seem to be at sixes and sevens, with no power behind to help us." And you nurses have little time in which to organise.

KARASSA (India).—"Is it true that Limpets go on travelling expeditions at night, but return to exactly the same spot on their 'home' rock?" We should advise you to ask one of the Government Departments.

R. B. (Leeds).—"I should like to know a Coué experiment that was successful." Well, here's one: for six months we have been saying "Every day in every way JOHN BULL grows better and better."

(More replies on page 20.)

A 10/6 Pen for 3/6 and a 2/6 Ballot Ticket FREE

See Page 25.

A beautifully made, easy writing, easy flowing Pen, which will give endless satisfaction and service, and in its 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, you have a friend for years. Complete with clip, filler and box. A 10s. 6d. Pen for 3s. 6d., and with it you will receive a 2s. 6d. Ballot Ticket free, which may win you £3,000.

JOHN BULL'S New Year Surprise!

A 10/6 Pen

(Complete with Clip)

for 3/6

AND A 2/6 BALLOT TICKET *FREE!!*

A HALF-GUINEA Pen for 3s. 6d.—a 2s. 6d. Ballot Ticket FREE, which gives you the chance to win a huge prize of £3,000! Never before has JOHN BULL offered its readers such a bargain.

In summing up this marvellous double offer, consider first the Pen. Forget its price, and bear in mind that we are offering you a Pen, complete with clip, which will serve you as well in every way as pens usually sold at 10s. 6d.

But JOHN BULL does not stop short at this. To this magnificent bargain is added the chance to win a fortune. Here is the complete double offer:

Get a 10s. 6d. JOHN BULL Pen for 3s. 6d. (including clip) and we will purchase on your behalf a 2s. 6d. Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT. Accept the ticket free with JOHN BULL'S compliments. With your Pen will be sent a sheet containing reproductions of fifteen posters. Place ten of them in what you consider will be the most popular order of merit and win £3,000 for a piece of good judgment! Second Prize, £1,000; Third Prize, £350; Fourth Prize, £200; Fifth Prize, £100; and other cash prizes from £10 to £1—in all, £5,000!

It is hardly necessary to point out that this great offer will bring a deluge of orders. We can supply an unlimited quantity of Pens, but unfortunately the quantity of Ballot Tickets is strictly limited. We can only say that orders will be executed, in rotation, and then urge you to go to the nearest pillar-box and drop your order in now. This offer expires when the last Ballot Ticket is disposed of.

Every Pen guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied. The Coupon brings both the Pen, complete with clip, and the Voting Ticket. Offer applies only to readers in the British Isles.

New Year Gift Coupon.

To JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me a 10/6 Pen, complete with clip, for 3/6, fitted with broad, medium, fine nib (cross out grade not required). I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/9 (which includes 3d. extra for postage and insurance). Please include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT and full particulars.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

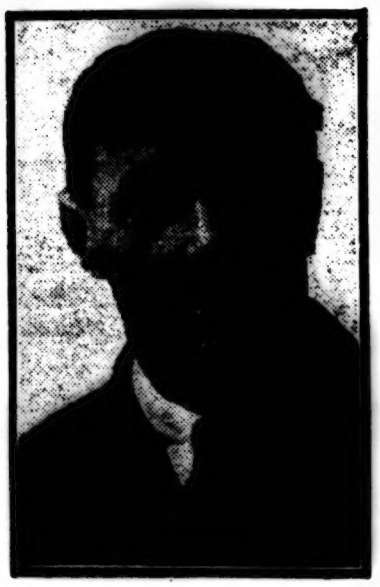
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B.6.1.23

Mr. P. Meagher, 283, Deane Church Lane, Hollon, who earns £9 13s. 0d. in one week as a "John Bull" Subscription Representative.



Mr. R. Reynolds, 161, Duke Street, St. Helens, who earns £7 in one week as a "John Bull" Subscription Representative.

Start the New Year with a well-paid job

HIS 'GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY'

Mr. W. H. Wallace, Railway Terrace, Rhosddu, Wrex., writes on Dec. 18: "When applying for your 'Golden Book' I little thought there was so much gold attached to it. The application was sent on my wife's behalf, for I was unemployed and we thought she might earn a few shillings while I was looking for work elsewhere. But I soon realised I was letting slip one of the few 'Golden Opportunities' of life. The next day I set out, not to look for work, but to work with a will. I am being put on my feet in less time than I ever anticipated . . . ."

WOULD you like to start 1923 with a job which will pay you anywhere from £5 to £10 per week—a job requiring no previous outlay or experience? Then step into a position similar to that now held by Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Meagher, two out of the hundreds of successful JOHN BULL Subscription Representatives.

We offer you full-time or spare-time employment. Whatever the time at your disposal you cannot afford to overlook this splendid opportunity of adding to your income.

Write for the "Golden Book."

It explains the whole plan fully and shows how you may earn money right from the start. Don't delay or someone else in your district may earn the money which might have been yours. The coupon brings full particulars. Post it now.

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....J.B.6.1.23.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

From 2s. 6d. to £1,500.

Sailor's Ship Comes Home.

A MODERN sea-rover has made the pleasant discovery that England can be a "Treasure Island" at times, for the good ship of Mr. Arthur Anderson has reached his home port of Wembley, carrying for him the modern equivalent of "pieces of eight" to the value of £1,500, the first prize in the JOHN BULL Christmas-Box *Bullets* Competition. Mr. Anderson tells us that he is "a seafaring man, and since leaving the Navy in 1918 periods of employment have been few and far between." A big *Bullets* prize has often gone to smooth the rough places in a reader's path, and on this occasion it will calm the troubled waters of life's sea for an old sailor.

Mr. Anderson is refreshingly frank in his opinions of *Bullets*, and his experience should send a breeze of hope to occasional competitors and to those who think it is impossible to win big prizes without serving a long and wearisome apprenticeship in *Bullet* making. He says that his line "Sooner The Better—Scrymgeour 'Goes Off Pop'" was entirely his own, and that he had always looked upon the competition "as a hobby, not as a business proposition." He has only competed about a dozen times in all, and has never won more than 2s. 6d. until he made his successful jump to £1,500. He has always been optimistic, and here we have the Navy touch. "Of course, every *Bullet* that I have sent in I have expected to score, but on inspecting the results I have always recognised the successful *Bullets* had more 'Powder' behind them than mine. The successful *Bullet* was just an inspiration."

This shows the true sporting spirit in which to tackle any game or competition, and it is evident that many bright ideas come to those who regard *Bullets* as a pleasant pastime rather than as a serious business undertaking. There are, undoubtedly, two schools among successful competitors, and it is not easy to say which section proves more successful. Both have their merits, but this time the occasional competitor who relies solely on his own brainwork has secured a very substantial amount of prize money. It may be recalled that the previous £1,500 prize went to a consistent competitor, who won with a last minute "inspiration," so there is no single road to success. Mr. Anderson's win should serve to encourage those who are inclined to regard *Bullets* as a hobby for their spare moments.

The rules are simple, and it is possible for new competitors to enter with every opportunity of proving successful.

Mr. Anderson tells us that he was duly grateful to the prohibitionist M.P. whose name suggested the winning idea, but we are afraid that Mr. Scrymgeour will regret to learn that his health has been drunk "not in the 'stuff' that gentleman would approve of." "Yo—ho—ho" as they chant in "Treasure Island."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

G. H. F. (Slough).—"My neighbours annoy me by continually taking baths." Why not retort in kind.?

HOUSEWIFE (Huddersfield).—"What do you think of an aspidistra for fourpence?" Sounds like a plant.

RESENTFUL (Hull).—"My fiancee objected to my kissing her under the mistletoe." Try under the nose.

DISMAL DON (Dundee).—"England will soon be plunged in civil war." And yet they say our manners are deteriorating.

INVENTOR (Kilmarnock).—"I have invented a wonderful new card game, but can persuade no one to play it." Perhaps your game is too patent.

ANXIOUS PARENT (Highgate).—"My son has very extravagant instincts. What can I do with him?" There are openings in the Civil Service.

J. W. V. (Leicester).—"A two shilling bit is not worth nearly what it was before they mixed alloy with it." Granted, but 3s. 6d. is now worth 10s. 6d. See our Pen offer this week.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

THE SHOP WINDOW

THE public confidence in the JOHN BULL guarantee is reflected in the results obtained by our advertisers. Naturally, our readers respond readily to trade advertisements, because they know they are safeguarded against all risks by this journal's "satisfaction, or money back" contract. In a recent letter Watts, Son & Co. state that they have never found a newspaper or periodical better than JOHN BULL in which to advertise their wares.

Two simple competitions are advertised in this issue. That of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, on the front cover, sets a premium on cleanliness, and is quite easy to follow. Davies & Partners, Ltd., repeat their advertisement of a football ballot, in which competitors are asked to select an all-British football team to beat the World. The directions are simple. An insurance of the prize-money, £10,000, has been effected with Underwriters at Lloyds. Up to £5,000 worth of proceeds charged against the first profits will be given to charity.

Messrs. S. A. Barry & Co.'s advertisement shows Jock Rutherford in his new suit which illustrates their slogan "Every Barry garment is a picture." The all-wool sports suit which he is wearing is excellent value for £3 3s. 6d.

Our readers are invited to post the coupon in the Shredded Wheat advertisement and receive a trial packet of Shredded Wheat free. It makes an excellent breakfast.

The little lady in the "Black Cat" advertisement looks very smart in a fancy dress costume similar to that which is offered to our readers free.

The Metropolitan College offer their 132-page book "A Guide to Careers," free on request. This will prove a great help to the ambitious.

Curzon Brothers repeat the announcement of their sale which appeared last week. Excellent suits at £2, £3, and £4 are offered, made to measure. Free patterns, fashion booklet, and tape measure chart will be sent to all forwarding the coupon from their advertisement.

Sartor raincoats are now well-known to many thousands of JOHN BULL readers. They are excellent value at the low price asked. Send for patterns and style-book.

George Adams offers excellent illustrated list of wood-working tools post free.

CHRISTMAS-BOX "BULLETS"

WE published last week the names of the principal prize-winners in the *Bullets* Record Christmas-Box Competition. There was a very keen struggle for places, and the general standard of merit in the efforts submitted was so high that an exceptionally large number of clever and original lines came up for judgment.

New competitors, in particular, should always study winning lists carefully, and the one given last week is quite instructive. It shows that there is room for infinite variety in the making of *Bullets*. Humour figured largely, but in different forms—broad, grim, and lightly fantastic; picturesque word-painting scored, and so did simple statements of sober truth with a "bite" in them. If there was one note more striking than another it was topicality, and competitors continue to show great ingenuity in coupling matters of the hour, freshly treated, to even those examples which do not invite topical comment.

The three lines at the head of the list afford three quite distinct lessons in *Bullet* making. The first prize "Sooner The Better—Scrymgeour 'Goes Off Pop'" is a frankly funny line, neat in its double application to the energies of the Parliamentary Prohibitionist, and particularly worthy of note because it gives quite simply and humorously an entirely fresh outlook on the "Pussyfoot" idea, which is such a favourite with *Bullet* makers. "Golden Dawn — 'Gilt-edged' Steadily 'Rises'" is a model of good phrasing, with its double on the actual dawn and the national financial position. There were other *Bullets* referring more or less directly to the rise of a "Golden Dawn," with a similarity to one of the two meanings of the successful *Bullet*, but none of them combined so happily and ingeniously in one *Bullet* the two distinct meanings of the winning line.

"Bed Of Roses—Hotel Cecil—Embankment's 'Opposite'" gives a striking picture of riches and poverty—luxury in a first-class hotel like the Cecil, and outcasts resting on the seats of the Thames Embankment which are immediately opposite. It is a very human line, in which an example is not only dealt with directly, but a definite and clean-cut contrast is given in the few words allowed.

Among the smaller prize-winning lines were some excellent examples of novel treatment of well-worn subjects. The marriage of the Prince of Wales is very popular in *Bullets*, but there was a clever new reference in "To Be Continued—Victoria, Alexandra, Mary, ——?" A fresh turn to the hackneyed tag on presentation cigars was afforded by "My Christmas Box—Improved Since Wife Smokes"; and even our old friends the Optimist and Pessimist came up with a new smile in "How It Began—Pessimism—As Blind Optimism."

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 471.

STARTING WELL
WHAT GERMANY EXPECTS
IN DEFAULT
JUST IN TIME
IMPROVING BUSINESS
A CLOWN
USING HIS HEAD
MUZZLED
PROMISE TO PAY
WITHOUT CEREMONY
UNKIND
TRYING TO FORGET
SAUCY IMP
BLOOMING CHEEK
AWKWARD
OVER THE TEACUPS
SHOPPING
A WOMAN'S TASK.
WELL LOADED
NOT TO BE HAD
AFTER LUNCH
BUILDING
SORRY EXHIBITION
GOOD CAUSE
BORROWED PLUMES
THOUGHTFUL
WEIRD PLAN
ON WRONG PLATFORM
BAD MARK
WITHOUT A RIVAL
WICKED WAYS
FACE TO FACE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Competition No. 469 will be published in next week's issue.

☞ SPECIAL REWARDING PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the competitors (with whom the Editors of the Three Best "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 471 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 471, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 11.

No.____
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(471) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 11.

No.____
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(471) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____
Address ____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 11.

No.____
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(471) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 11.

No.____
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(471) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____
Address ____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 472.

WHAT FRANCE WANTS—MATTER OF INTEREST—BOOMING BOY—WANTED—A MAN'S JOB—HE HER PLACE—PAY DAY—SOONER OR LATER—FUNNY—RICH AND POOR—HAPPY LOT—CHILD'S PLAY—WHEN IN LOVE—SUPPORTING A FAMILY—A MEMORY—HOLDING THE BABY—AT THE PICTURES—WELL WRAPPED UP—IN THE ZOO—FREE.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 25th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 472 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 472, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 471.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 468 can now be seen in the window of MESSRS. W. J. BROWN & CO., The Library, 137, High Holborn, Wembley.

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

Makes "Less" of Shaving

6d.

Per Stick

WITH Lever's Easy Shaving Stick you get a cool and comfortable shave with less trouble, in less time, and at less expense. Its quality is first-class because there is no expensive pack to pay for. "Efficiency with economy" is the motto of Midshipman Easy.

Let Midshipman Easy point the way to an Easy Shave in the morning.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, Canteens, etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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